

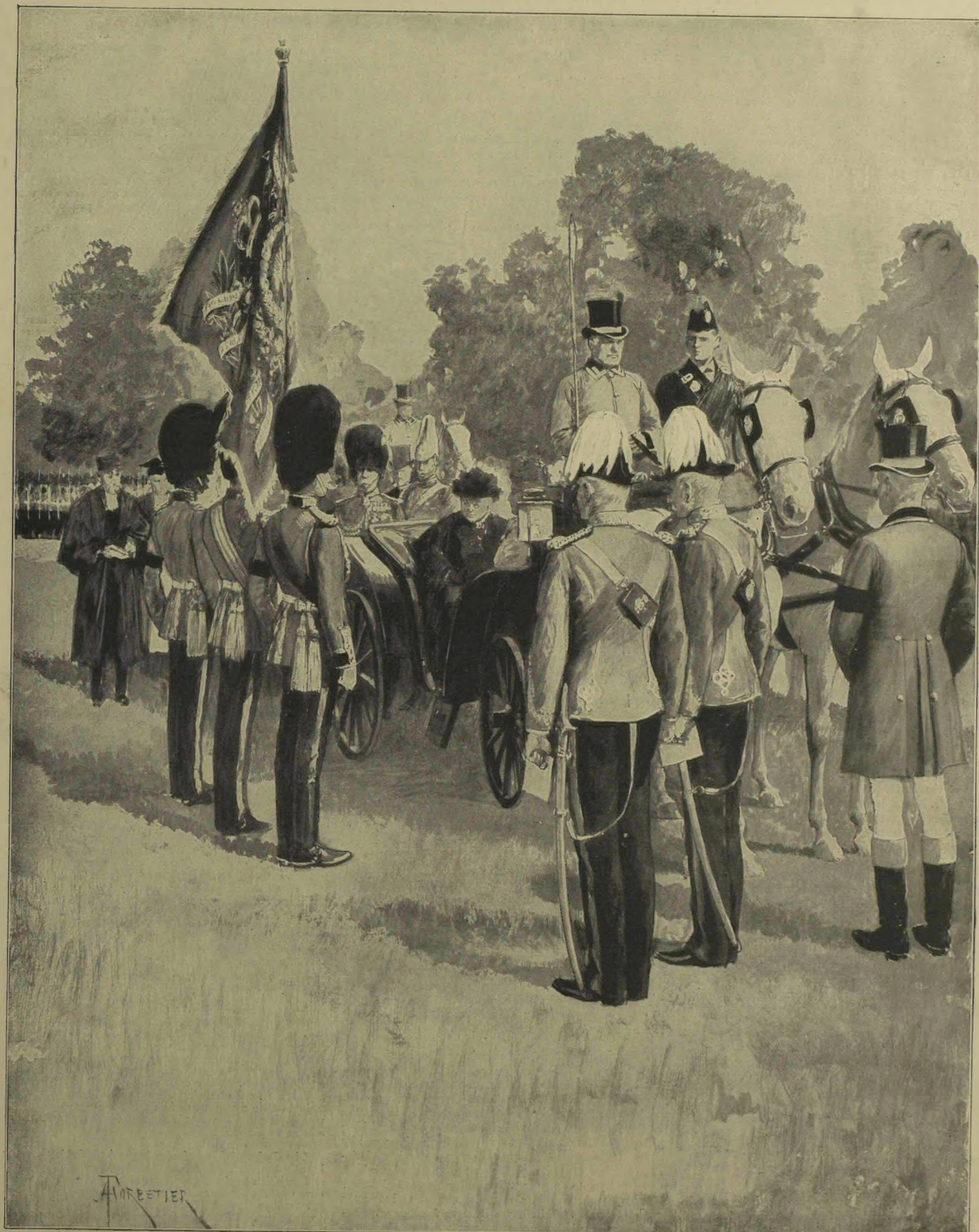
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3144.—VOL. CXV.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



HER MAJESTY PRESENTING A NEW STATE COLOUR TO THE SCOTS GUARDS AT WINDSOR.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier, who has been commanded by H.M. the Queen to paint a picture of the subject.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I am taken to task, more in sorrow than in anger, by "A Mere Woman." She is disappointed to find me "repeating the vacuous drivell of unthinking men about the aspirations of good, earnest women." Before that, I had earned her respect, and now in one fatal moment I have lost it! What is this "vacuous drivell" into which I have fallen from grace, like Lucifer, star of the morning? I ventured to doubt whether beautiful actresses, secure in their peculiar dominion, would ever yearn for the Parliamentary suffrage. "A Mere Woman" tells me that a young and pretty German actress declared at the Women's Congress that "female suffrage is the only possible way to bring about justice between men and women who have to work for their living." Well, here is one witness against my theory about the views of beautiful actresses; but did this German lady explain how the suffrage was to obtain justice for women on the stage? My point was that in this sphere beauty is already triumphant. Clearly, the suffrage cannot endow an actress with beauty, and if she be beautiful, what, in the strictly professional sense, can she want with the suffrage? For the purpose of her particular means of livelihood it is manifestly not of the smallest use. Managers won't engage her merely because she has a vote. The German champion may say that she speaks in the interests of her sex at large. Very well; but I did not venture into that large area of discussion. I confined myself to the suggestion that beauty is an obstacle rather than a help to "the cause," seeing that it is apt to be content with the homage of man, instead of using this as an instrument for the enfranchisement of woman.

"I suppose," says my critic, "it is difficult for men, who are so much influenced by external charms, to understand that other considerations enter into the minds of women." Poor Lucifer understands this perfectly well; but how does it dispose of those "external charms"? Suppose the young and pretty German actress were to tell her admirers that, when she is not on the stage, she thinks deeply of the "other considerations." They would reply, "Dear lady, it is a pity that you should bother your head about such things; anyway, they don't concern us, for we identify you not with them, but with the qualities which make you an ornament of your profession." What answer could she make to that? Would she tell them they were too much influenced by the personal charms, without which she would have no hold upon them? I submit to "A Mere Woman" that the beauty of an actress and her profession together make her a hindrance to "the cause"; further, that beauty in any social sphere, by the very nature of its appeal to man, makes it self-sufficient, and therefore indisposed, as a rule, to occupy itself with the "other considerations," although these may be perfectly reasonable in themselves. When man appeals to man, it is another affair. A politician is taken on his own political merits, or on the merits of his party. When Thackeray stood for Oxford he was not, to the electoral mind, one of the greatest English novelists; he was merely a middle-aged gentleman with opinions that smacked vaguely of sentimental Whiggery.

I am trying with much humility to put myself right with "A Mere Woman" by showing her that nobody is to blame for the influence of those "external charms." It is the contrariness of Nature, or what Mr. Miggs calls the "intrinsic of life." (Mr. Miggs is the philosophical cobbler of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose opinions, interpreted by Mr. Alexander Stuart, have just been published in a very diverting volume.) Man is so constituted that he does not care a rap for the personal appearance of his fellow-man, but is subjugated (sometimes out of all reason) by the loveliness of woman; and woman is so constituted that when she is a beauty, she gives her mind to the subjugation of man rather than to the elevation of her fellow-woman. Even the pretty German actress, apparently against her will, lives by this very subjugation. Alas, that it should be so; but what is to be done? Given a League of Beautiful Women for the Proper Employment of External Charms, and, after a struggle, man might be coerced into adopting the aspirations of the Women's Congress. Had the fascination of Cleopatra's nose been turned to the best uses, how different might have been the history of the world! I look into an organ of social movements and read that a new ladies' club is about to be founded, with the remarkable condition of membership that every candidate must be not less than six feet high. That is a good sign. By-and-by the League may use that club as its headquarters. Divinely tall and most divinely fair, and devoted to "the cause," the Leaguers might make an indelible impression on the British Constitution. Perhaps this is but a dream; still, I hope it will commend Lucifer to "A Mere Woman," and induce her to restore him to the firmament of her good graces.

Mr. Bryce has been gently reproving the commercial spirit of authors, much to the satisfaction of a small remnant of philosophers who think an author should write for fame, for the good of his species, for anything except money. I shall believe in this noble spirit when a popular

author announces that he wants, like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to die poor, and that in future he will bestow his royalties on charities, or leave them in the cash-box of his publisher. Thackeray, in a vigorous essay on this theme, asked, "Who would write at all if not for money?" and intimated that all the talk about genius finding its reward in the improvement of mankind was pure cant. There seems to be no adequate reason why a writer should not elevate his fellow-man, and swell his own bank account at the same time. The real moral question was raised by Stevenson when he declared that an author who contracts to produce his best work for a given sum forfeits his right to that sum when he produces inferior work. Stevenson was offered forty pounds for an article. When the article was written, he decided that it was not worth forty pounds, and refused the money. Mr. Henley told him he was unbusinesslike, and he retorted that Mr. Henley's argument was "sordid and rank twaddle," and the pleading of "Satan's cause."

I should like to have the judgment of the Incorporated Society of Authors on this issue. Stevenson said he would not "steal" with his eyes open even from a publisher. In this case the publisher does not seem to have had any suspicion of robbery. He that is robbed, not knowing what is stolen, let him not know't and he's not robbed at all. Either the publisher differed from Stevenson as to the quality of the article, or he thought the forty pounds would be well invested for the sake of Stevenson's name in his periodical. Then why all the fuss? Because a most delicate and sensitive literary artist, believing that he had fallen from his highest standard of workmanship, refused to steal from his own conscience. "Take the forty pounds," said Satan and the publisher. "If you do, you are a thief," said conscience. It is like a sublime paraphrase of the famous duel between the devil and the conscience of Lancelot Gobbo. I fancy that the Incorporated Society of Authors is not afflicted with a conscience of the Stevenson type. If it were, how could the business of authorship be carried on? Imagine a novelist, who produces two or three books a year, saying to his publisher: "Look here! This last novel of mine is poor stuff. Take back half the royalties. I will not steal with my eyes open!" That might tempt the publisher to question the felicity of the next work from the same pen, and we are all agreed (save the publishers) that it is their moral standard which needs keeping up, not ours.

Mr. Bryce has a novel up his sleeve, but means to keep it there till the adventure story goes out of vogue. This is hard on certain men of taste and leisure who dwell in her Majesty's prisons. One of them lately complained that there was no copy of Burns in the library of a Scotch gaol. He refused to be put off with Shakspeare, Thackeray, and so forth, and clamoured for the immortal bard who wrote "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." No doubt he is in quod for stealing (with his eyes open) what isn't his'n; but that is no reason for denying him the treasures of Scotch minstrelsy. What of the captives further South, who may have passed their holidays from the toil of pilfering over Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire" and "The American Commonwealth"? They may agree with him that adventure stories (especially detective stories) are rather tiresome, and they may take it very ill that he should deliberately withhold from them that novel of a much higher class which remains in his sleeve. What has mere vogue to do with him? He does not want money; he wants to befriend mankind. Then let him heed the plea of the studious inmates of Wormwood Scrubs.

I learn from Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who knows the history of this retreat, that it sometimes harbours poets. (I hope some kind and well-read warder has told them that, in French, Hamlet's "Wormwood" is translated "Absinthe.") One day a Princess visited the prison, and was seen of a captive who, the moment she turned away, set about a sonnet in her honour. It was quick work, for as she left the prison-gate, the sonnet (written on a slate) was handed to her as a memento. I wonder in what regal boudoir that slate is now preserved under glass. Does not the thought inspire Mr. Bryce? Perchance a bard under thrall is even now biting a piece of slate-pencil in the throes of a sonnet to the historian of the "Holy Roman Empire," praying him to hurry up with that novel.

Why should not Mr. Bryce condescend to the adventure story after all? There is an admirable theme ready to his hand. It is the famous blue diamond, which a hard-hearted judge will not allow Lord Francis Hope to sell. So, instead of glittering on some ivory bosom, it languishes in the prosaic gloom of a bank safe. The languishing pilferers of Wormwood Scrubs would be deeply moved by a romance to which Mr. Bryce could impart many admirable touches of philosophy. May I, on their behalf, entreat him to ponder this at his learned leisure? Stevenson said that in a story he wanted to hear "the clash of swords." Mr. Bryce is more familiar with the clash of words; but why should he not write the adventures of a politician trying to save his soul from the party system, and have it distributed gratuitously in every constituency?

A LOOK ROUND.

The Prince of Wales is untiring. Everyone who has seen him of late must have been pleased to note how well H.R.H. is looking. A Saturday-to-Monday guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Compton Place, the Prince met with a particularly cordial reception at Eastbourne, and in acknowledging an address of welcome, mentioned a fact which gave general satisfaction—namely, that he has quite recovered from the injury to his knee. His Royal Highness opened on Monday the Sussex County Agricultural Show, at which he was a prize-winner. On Tuesday the Prince was on board the *Britannia* in the Solent, and witnessed the trial race between the *Shamrock* and the *Britannia*, easily won by Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, which is so soon to sail against the *Columbia* for the America Cup.

This year's meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley will possibly in time be regarded as a notable one in the history of that body. The fates have been exceedingly kind. Magnificent weather has prevailed. At times the wind has been tricky, but very high scoring has been the rule. There is no pleasanter day than the Public Schools Day, when so many ladies came to see the Ashburton Shield shot for, and the Public Schools cadets do battle in the junior competition. After a most exciting contest, Rossall carried off the shield with a grand total of 472 points; and Berkhamstead and Charterhouse tied for second place with 463 each. This is the first time the shield has gone to Lancashire. The Cadets' Challenge Trophy was won by the Marlborough boys, and the Veterans' Trophy by Clifton. St. Thomas's won the United Hospitals' Challenge Cup. On July 21 the chief event was the match for the Kolapore Cup, which was won by the mother country team; Canada was 4 points behind.

The first stage of the Queen's Prize was completed on Tuesday, when the winner of the Bronze Medal was found to be Corporal Felmingham, of the 2nd V.B. Norfolk Regiment, with an aggregate score of 101.

There are those who would have the annual cricket-match between Eton and Harrow played on the school grounds. The reason assigned is that the visit to Lord's has a prejudicial influence—in other words, the boys are made too much of. Many, however, would have the visit to London extended to three days, and the weight of their argument is increased by last Saturday's result—a draw, the fifth in six years. Lord's is still a pleasant spot, and Society might do much worse than spend a third day there, if necessary, on this brilliant occasion. With a surer chance of the match being played out, the elevens would be keener even than now. Eton fielded indifferently in Harrow's first innings; but Eton's batting in their second innings made amends. Eton scored 264 for two wickets and declared, but to no purpose. Harrow played for a draw and met with success. On a fast and true wicket there were many displays of really good batting. It is doubtful, however, if there was anything better in the match than the performance of E. M. Dowson, who scored 87 not out, and took, in Eton's first innings, six wickets for 108 runs. It was just the kind of example a captain should set his men. For Eton, H. K. Longman scored 44 and 81, F. O. Grenfell 28 and 81, and O. C. S. Gilliat 53 and 54 not out.

A thing of exquisite dullness, ineffective even as melodrama, is a new costume-play, "The White Queen," produced at the Grand, Islington, on Monday last. Concerned with the love-troubles of Mary Tudor, who was forced by her brother Henry VIII. to marry for State reasons the aged and suspicious French King Louis XII., but chose on his death to bestow her hand where her heart lay, with Charles Brandon, audacious Duke of Suffolk, Mr. Boulding's piece is as full of flashy rhetoric, faulty metaphor, and tawdry fusion as it is devoid of dramatic action, moving emotion, or historical atmosphere. Quite apart, too, from the absence of all suggestion of contemporary manners or diction, there is not even an attempt at indicating character. For the title-role Miss Beatrice Day casts herself. Relief from boredom is supplied by the vigorous tirades of Miss M. L'Estrange, as an elderly tergiteant.

The scene at Sandown Park on the Eclipse Stakes day was particularly brilliant. All fashionable London seemed to have flocked thither. The most delightful place was the paddock under the beautiful firs which crown the summit of the hill. These trees always afford a welcome change in hot weather. Few prettier sights have been witnessed this season than the vision of beautiful women and lovely "triumphs of modes and millinery" among the greenery of the wood. The Eclipse Stakes, like the other ten thousand pounds stakes instituted some time since, seldom attract a large field. The horse of the year, like a triton among the minnows, seems to frighten the small fry away. It has been humorously remarked that the Duke of Westminster seems to farm the Eclipse Stakes. His Grace has certainly been lucky to degree in owning horses good enough to stall off all opposition on several occasions. This year he made assurance doubly sure by running Flying Fox and Frontier, and getting both first and second money. He did the same thing in 1890, when Orbit was first and Ossory second. Orme, too, won for him in 1892 and 1893; and if Flying Fox keeps well he may win next year again, for no one seems to know quite how good the son of Orme and Vampire is. While some critics aver that Flying Fox is not too fond of racing when pushed, John Porter, his trainer—than whom there is no better judge—is credited with saying that the Fox is the best horse that ever found a home at Kingclere.

The Duke of Westminster is particularly fond of his beautiful horse Flying Fox, and he has a laudable hope and ambition to excel the record of that other Duke—his Grace of Portland—and show a record of prize-winnings greater than that of Donovan, and to top the standard set by Isinglass. That the mere winning of money, however, is not the object of the Duke is proved by his giving the whole of the ten thousand pounds which Flying Fox won to the Royal Alexandra Hospital at Rhyl.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PRINCIPAL SERVICES TO SEASIDE RESORTS.

WEEK-DAYS.											
From	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30
Paddington.....dep.	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30
Weymouth.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Weymouth.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Jersey.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Jersey.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Minchelo.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Minchelo.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Hilfcombe.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Hilfcombe.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Exeter.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Exeter.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Devonport.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Devonport.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Torquay.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Torquay.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Plymouth (Mill Bay).....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Plymouth (Mill Bay).....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
St. Ives.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
St. Ives.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Penzance.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Penzance.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Tenby.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Tenby.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Dorchester.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Dorchester.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Barnstaple.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Barnstaple.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Aberystwyth.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Aberystwyth.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30

A North Road Station. B Landing Stage. C Saturdays only at Dartmouth. D Sundays excepted. E Arrive 9.45 Sunday mornings.

CHANNEL ISLANDS EXCURSIONS EVERY SATURDAY BY DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES, for a fortnight less. Return Fare 2s. 6d.

WEST OF ENGLAND EXCURSIONS EVERY THURSDAY, FRIDAY NIGHT, or SATURDAY, for a fortnight, &c.

SCILLY ISLANDS EXCURSIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, for a week, or a fortnight, &c. Steamers from Penzance on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Tourist Tickets available for Two Months by any Train are issued at Paddington to Channel Islands, West of England, Scilly Islands, North and South Wales, &c.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH EASTERN, and NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.

EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS).

JULY 1899 SERVICE.											
From	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30
London (King's Cross) dep.	8.30	9.30	10.30	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30
Edinburgh.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Glasgow.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Glasgow.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Cardiff.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Cardiff.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Swansea.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Swansea.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Portsmouth.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Portsmouth.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Dundee.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Dundee.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Belfast.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Belfast.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Inverness.....arr.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30
Inverness.....dep.	11.30	12.30	1.30	2.30	3.30	4.30	5.30	6.30	7.30	8.30	9.30

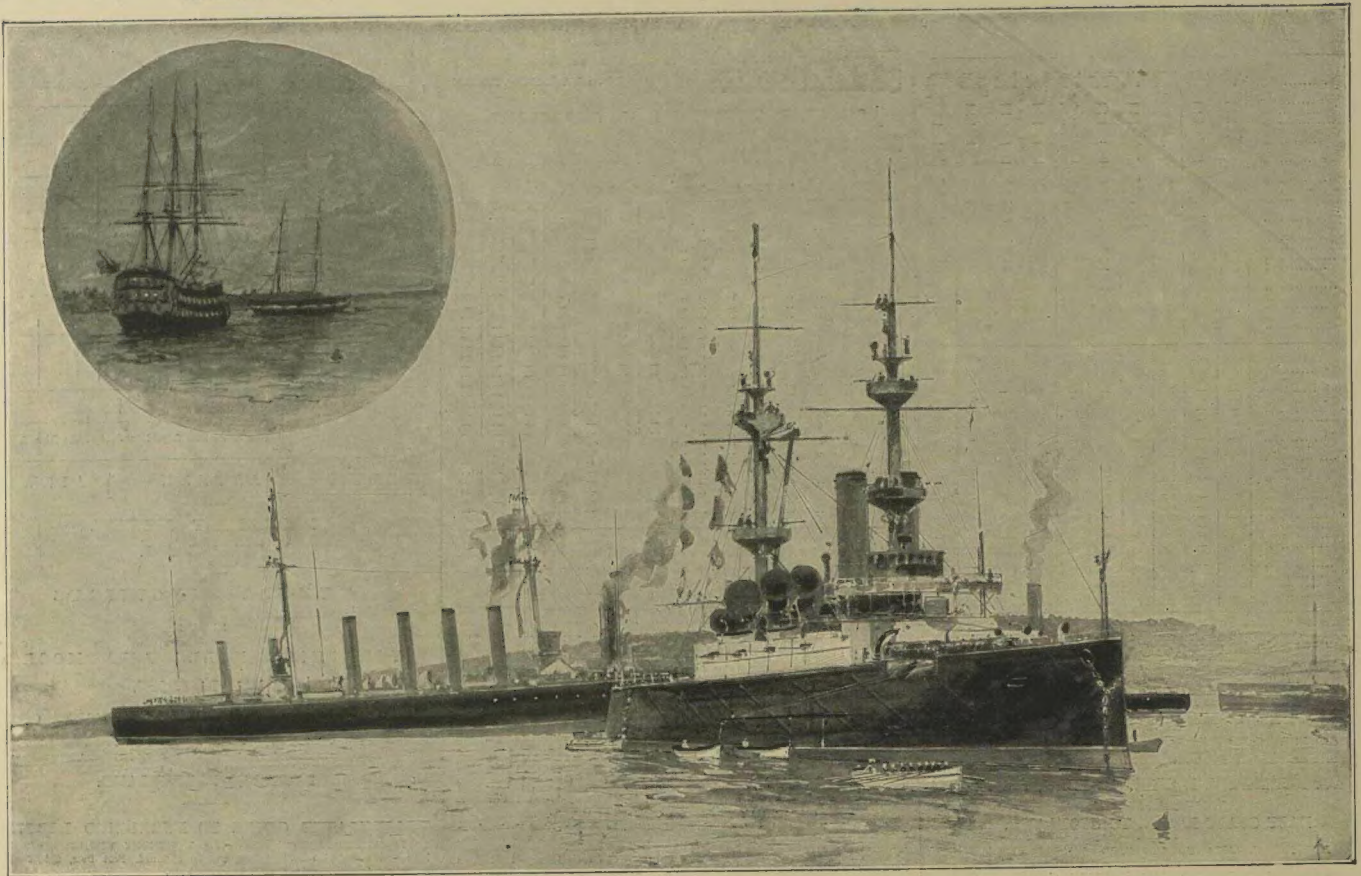
A—From July 24 to Aug. 11, inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.
B—Week-days and Sundays.
C—On week-days excepted and Sundays.
D—Not run to Carlisle, Glasgow, and Dundee on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.30 a.m., Perth 8.40, Dundee 8.15, Belfast 2.0, Inverness 1.30 on Sundays.
E—Week-days excepted and Sundays.
F—Not on Sunday mornings.
Corridor Dining Car Saloons (First and Third Class) are attached to 11.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Express Trains from London (King's Cross), and 12.30 and 4.30 p.m. Expresses from Edinburgh (Waverley) respectively.
Sleeping Carriages are attached to all night trains.

CHARLES STEPHENSON, General Manager, G.N.R.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.
J. CONNOR, General Manager, N.B.R.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN and CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE NOW IN OPERATION.—WEEK-DAYS.

agow (Central)	3.50	5.50	6.50	7.55	30.50	—	—	—	—	—	7.70
snock	3.30	6.00	6.45	7.50	10.30	—	—	—	—	—	7.70
snock	4.22	7.00	7.40	9.15	11.17	17.27	—	—	—	8.00	9.22
snock	4.34	7.15	7.50	9.22	11.27	17.27	—	—	—	8.11	9.10
snock	5.50	—	—	—	4.45	8.45	11.55	—	—	—	9.50
snock	5.30	—	8.00	—	12.10	4.45	8.50	12.00	—	—	10.10
snock	—	—	—	—	5.10	9.10	—	—	—	—	10.10
snock (via Dundee)	7.15	—	8.40	—	—	—	8.50	—	—	—	9.45
snock	9.50	—	10.15	—	1.00	—	7.15	—	—	—	11.35

The Eighteenth Century.



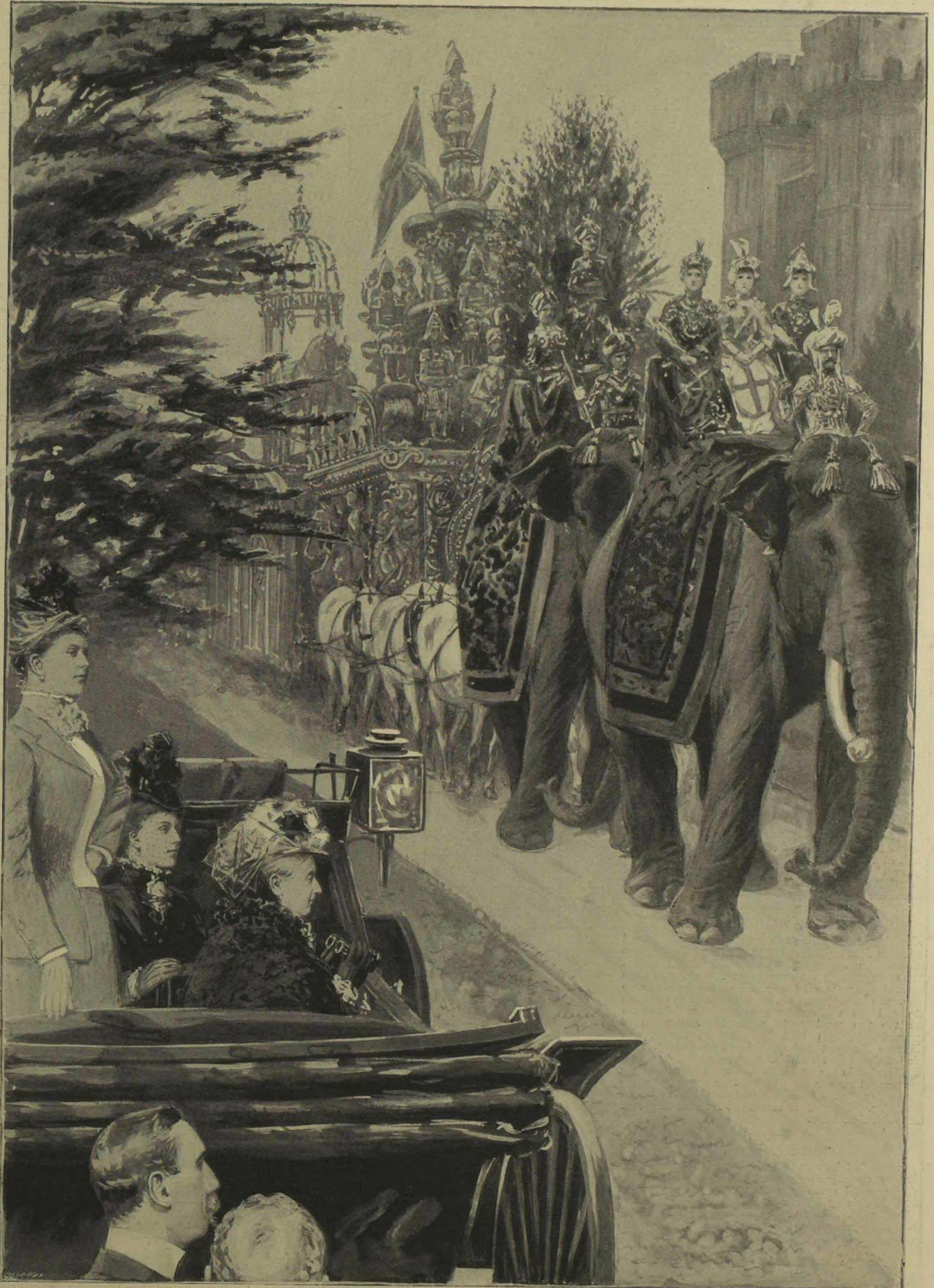
H.M.S. Mars.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT'S FÊTE AND FANCY FAIR IN BAGSHOT PARK.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



Princess Christian. Princess Beatrice.

SANGER'S CIRCUS PROCESSION PASSING BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

On Monday of this week "Lord George Sanger's" circus, which was on a visit to Windsor, was honoured with a royal command. The primary object of the command was the amusement of some of her Majesty's grandchildren, but the Queen herself attended. At the close, Mr. Sanger was presented to the Queen, who thanked him, on behalf of the royal children, for his enjoyable spectacle.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW STATE COLOUR FOR SCOTS GUARDS.

Upon the East Lawn at Windsor Castle on Saturday afternoon the Queen presented a State Colour to the Scots Guards. The Queen, who was accompanied by Princess

would the novelists have done without Rotten Row and its infinite social variety? Our Artist shows us the morning brigade, who ride not for beauty, but for the sake of coping with the otherwise unmanageable liver. They are lawyers mostly and young politicians who find it difficult to keep their girth within reasonable bounds. M. Zola says that, in spite of

the strawberry, the raspberry, the gooseberry, the plum, and the cherry. Mr. Gladstone himself delivered a homily on the advantages jam was likely to confer on both the producer and the consumer. The acreage under fruit-culture in England has consequently seen a great increase. Like the "hoppers" a little later, the gatherers of these various berry-harvests are now escaping from the city to engage in labour which, hard as it is, seems to bring with it some of the happy conditions of holiday-making.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The commemoration of the taking of the Bastille on July 14, 1789—in other words, the National Fête—passed off without any very notable incident. Contrary to my expectations, it was a very tame affair, though practically one can but rejoice at the absence of all unhealthy excitement. M. Loubet met in some spots with a most cordial reception; in other spots it was less cordial, but nowhere did it cease to be respectful. It would be difficult to determine the exact proportion of that cordiality and respectfulness intended for General de Galliffet, who was with him, and if it was the aim of the Chief Magistrate thus to baffle not only a possibly hostile demonstration against his Minister of War, but to defy the calculation just hinted at, it was unquestionably a clever move. It was exceedingly generous on the part of M. Loubet to introduce the principle of "share and share alike."

The Russian flag was, if not conspicuous by its absence, far less conspicuous than it had been since France worked herself into the belief of a probably profitable alliance with the Muscovite Empire. France is by no means bereft of common-sense; unfortunately for her, she is now and again bitten with the invincible mania for prancing before the eyes of an astonished world, and on such occasions she unyokes the homely pair "Reason" and "Logic" from the Car of State and harnesses a distinctly showier, but at the same time more skittish team to the vehicle. The leaders of that team are respectively called "Enthusiasm" and "Altruism," the wheelers "Patriotism" and "Revanche."

Theoretically, these four ought to step well together, and would perhaps do so but for an outsider mounted on an animal yeapt "Gullibility." Both the man and the mount force the pace, and sooner or later upset the whole of the concern. A wiser and sadder country—at any rate, immediately after every mishap of that kind—France brings out the homely pair once more, until the next access of the "prancing mania" comes upon her. Of course, she herself has made good the damages done to the carriage, but she consoles herself with the sentence, eminently gratifying to her national pride: "La France est assez riche pour payer pour sa gloire." Rich though France undoubtedly is, she may consider that two heavy loans contracted by Russia are perhaps too big a price to pay for Russia's platonic friendship; hence the comparative paucity of the Russian standard amid the bunting displayed in the streets. If Russia herself were asked for an explanation of this lessened prestige in France, she might say with the showman: "This, gentlemen, is a heagle, not a 'awk; the 'otterer it gets, the 'igherer he flies, and Pashoda, gentlemen, 'as cooled the hatmosphere in France." The explanation would scarcely recommend itself as valid to Frenchmen. The nearest approach to any visible



STATE COLOUR PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO THE SCOTS GUARDS.

Christian and the Duchess of Connaught, drove to the pile of drums on which the colour rested until it was uncased and consecrated by the chaplains. The colour was then handed to the Duke of Connaught by Colonel Fludyer, who, in turn, placed it within reach of the Queen. From her Majesty it was received by Lieutenant Willoughby on bended knee, and afterwards unfurled by him and exposed to the regiment, by whom it was duly saluted and received; after which the regiment defiled before the Queen to the regimental march of "Highland Laddie." Before the troops marched away, the Duke of Connaught called for "Caps off and cheers!" And two thousand bearskins were lifted into the air to the inspiring accompaniment of a shout of soldiers' homage to the Queen.

ROYALTY AT KENSAL RISE.

Last Saturday her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, attended by Miss Minnie Cochrane and Colonel Lord William Cecil, proceeded to London, and on behalf of her Majesty laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Kensal Rise. The church is dedicated to the memory of the late Very Rev. C. G. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, Master of the Temple, and Deputy-Clerk of the Closet to her Majesty.

FÊTE AT BAGSHOT PARK.

On Tuesday of this week a fête, organised by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in aid of the funds of the Bagshot Parish Church, was opened at Bagshot Park. A beautiful spot in the grounds was chosen for the bazaar, and there tents and marquees graciously lent by her Majesty were set up. The floral decorations were designed with exquisite taste, and the whole scene was intensely picturesque. Over the two royal tents presided the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught. The Duke of Connaught and his equerries also took a very active interest in the proceedings. It was hoped that the Duke would honour the fête with her presence on the opening day, but her Majesty postponed her visit until Wednesday. The grounds were crowded with a large and fashionable attendance.

ROTTEN ROW.

If you were to ask every man who leans on the rail in the Row any morning in the Season why he is there, the majority would probably answer, "To see the women ride." It does not appear that during his fugitive stay in London M. Zola had any opportunity of studying this social phenomenon. It would have interested him greatly, and furnished him with matter for philosophic observation. The lithe, slim figure of the Englishwoman, he says, is unsuited to "rational" costume on the bicycle. He would have owned with transports that it is most becomingly arrayed in a riding-habit. There is no prettier sight, he would have said, than that of the young English "Mees" riding in the Row with her hair flying in the wind, and a monument of gravity in the shape of a groom pounding behind her on the largest possible horse. How many novels of the last fifty years have opened with that incident? What, indeed,

athletics, our race is degenerating. He would not have seen many degenerate types in the Row, for despite the liver and the expanding girth, there is a good deal of solid muscle in the saddle. The snipper-snapper young man with the sloping shoulders M. Zola may have seen in his walks, does not ride. He hangs on the rail or lounges in a chair. A vast amount of intellectual satisfaction may be got out of a penny chair in the Row. The spectacle pleases the eye and may even subdue the savage bosom of the Socialist. At any rate, even in the stormiest days of



Photo. Bailey, Kensal Green.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A NEW CHURCH AT KENSAL RISE.

Hyde Park oratory, you never heard the excited reformer of the universe propose to disestablish the morning gallop or the afternoon parade in Rotten Row.

WITH THE FRUIT-GATHERERS.

If the British farmer does not grow fruit sometimes in fields where he formerly grew corn, it will not be from any lack of counsellors who proclaim to him the profits of

excitement and enthusiasm on July 14 was in connection with the black troops of Major Marchand; and here again history repeats herself, for "the Parisian," according to Victor Hugo, "must show his teeth; he must either cheer or hiss at something or somebody." One of the gorgeous spectacles of forty years ago—almost day for day—was the return of the troops from the Franco-Austrian War. On that occasion the Parisians became infatuated with the Zouaves and the Turcos.

PERSONAL.

Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, who commands "A" Fleet during the naval manoeuvres, is the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron. Born in 1839, he entered the Navy in 1852, and became Sub-Lieutenant six years later. In June 1859 he was promoted Lieutenant, attaining Commander's rank in the same month nine years later. His three promotions were: Captain in 1877, Rear-Admiral in 1892, and Vice-Admiral in 1897. Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson's record of war service is one of the longest among leading naval officers. His latest active service was the organisation and command of the punitive expedition to Benin.

Rear-Admiral Fanshawe, who is second in command under Sir Harry Rawson in "A" Fleet, entered the Navy in 1860. He went through the various gradations in the service, attaining the rank of Rear-Admiral in 1897. From 1895 to 1897 he was Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, and has served as Assistant to the Admiral-Superintendent of Naval Reserves. Rear-Admiral Fanshawe is fifty-two years of age.

Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, who is second in command under Vice-Admiral Sir Compton Dunsen in Fleet "B," is fifty-five years of age, and entered the Navy in 1859. As Lieutenant, which rank he attained in 1866, he served with the Challenger Expedition from 1872 to 1875. He also served in the Arctic Expedition from 1875 to 1876, for which he was promoted and decorated with the Arctic medal. In November 1894 he was awarded a Captain's good-service pension. In December of last year he was promoted Rear-Admiral.

The late Duchess of Rutland, who, as we recorded last week, died suddenly at Hom-burg, was the granddaughter of the eighth Duke of St. Albans. Her marriage with the Duke of Rutland, who was then Lord John Manners, took place on May 15, 1862. Lord John Manners had been a widower for eight years. The late Duchess was greatly interested in social questions and in all

Elections of 1885 and 1886 and at the bye-election in 1888 he contested Stockton unsuccessfully, but gained the seat in 1892, when he defeated Lord Davey. He was member for Stockton till 1895, when he was defeated by Mr. Samuel. No difference to the balance of parties results from his return for St. Pancras.

Prince Herbert Bismarck does not endear himself to his countrymen. The object of his life seems to be to keep the public away from Friedrichsruh, and to snub every German who wishes to pay any kind of homage to the home of the great Chancellor. The latest order of the Prince is that no beer is to be sold to visitors on his estate. This makes the visits of "trippers" impossible, for the German cannot live without beer, and much of it.

The Peace Conference has apparently made the adoption of the permanent Arbitration Bureau tolerably certain. It has been decided, however, that a judgment need not be final, but may be open to revision. Theoretically, this is reasonable enough, as it follows the practice of most law courts, but it is to be feared that when revision is demanded it will too often give the dissatisfied State scope for intrigues.

When rumours of war are in the air there are always the signs of strong, if suppressed, excitement about our arsenals and dockyards. Just now this is especially the case as regards Woolwich, from which an immense quantity of war-stores continues to be despatched to South Africa. By the *Goorkha* and *Scot* there are being sent out a couple of thousand tons of commissariat stores for the troops,

Those admired comedians, Esterhazy and Beaurepaire, continue to amuse the world. Beaurepaire, summoned as a witness before the Rennes court-martial, professed to regard the summons as a hoax. Manifestly he does not relish the idea of giving evidence on the only issue before the court—namely, whether Captain Dreyfus communicated to a foreign Government the documents mentioned in the bordereau which Esterhazy wrote.

Esterhazy again explains that he wrote the bordereau by order to furnish a material proof against Dreyfus. The absurdity of this lie is plain from the fact that the document is in Esterhazy's undisguised handwriting, whereas if he had written it as a proof against another man he would have at least attempted an imitation of that man's hand. Everybody knows that Esterhazy was the paid spy of Colonel Schwartzkoppen, and wrote the bordereau in the ordinary course of business. His present attitude is mere impudence that deceives nobody.

"Marry for money" and "shirk your military service by pretending to be ill." These are the counsels given by Esterhazy to his nephew. As one party to a marriage is always deceived, the nephew was to take care not to be that party. Does Prince Henry of Orleans still feel proud that he once embraced the author of these maxims, who says, further, that the army is "an idiotic profession"?

General Otis has bitterly offended the American war-correspondents at Manila, who accuse him of deliberately falsifying the war news to make the public at home believe that he is successful. All the correspondents have signed

a declaration to the effect that, so far, the military operations against the Filipinos have totally failed. This is awkward for General Otis, but still more awkward for President McKinley, whose electoral prospects are sadly overcast. The party system will not allow him to dismiss his incompetent Secretary for War, Mr. Alger.

After thirty-five years' service in Bow Street police-court, Sir James Vaughan has now retired at the age of eighty-five. That peculiar mixture of kindness and penetration which makes



Photo. Vandyk.
REAR-ADMIRAL A. D. FANSHAWE.



Photo. Maull and Fox.
VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. RAWSON.



Photo. Maull and Fox.
REAR-ADMIRAL PELHAM ALDRICH.



Photo. Mullis, Venable.
MAJOR W. CLARE SAVILE, R.A.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

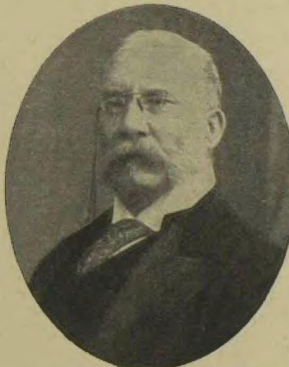


Photo. Maull and Fox.
MR. T. WRIGHTSON, M.P.



Photo. Lunnell.
SIR HARRY JOHNSTON.

movements which have for their object the betterment of society. She was particularly energetic in the cause of temperance, and wrote various articles on this subject in journals and magazines. Her amiable disposition made her generally beloved.

Major W. Clare Savile, R.A., who left Southampton in the s.s. *Brasmar Castle*, on Saturday, for special service in South Africa, served in 1896 at Malta as an ordnance officer of the third class. He attained his Majority in 1894, and is forty-two years of age.

Sir Harry Johnston, who, as we announced last week, has been appointed Commissioner of Uganda, has had a most successful career as an African administrator. He has been Consul of Tunis since 1897. Sir Harry was born in London just forty-one years ago, and was educated at King's College and the Royal Academy of Arts. He studied painting at the Royal Academy and also abroad, and travelled in North Africa, exploring Portuguese West Africa and the Congo. He directed the Royal Society's Expedition to Kilimanjaro, and in 1885 became Vice-Consul of the Cameroons. Two years later he was Acting Consul on the Niger Coast Protectorate, and served as Consul for the Province of Mozambique, acting also as Commissioner and Consul-General in British Central Africa in 1891. His publications upon South African questions are extensive. He is a painter, a biologist, and a musician, and has the strength of a born leader of men.

Mr. Thomas Wrightson, who has been elected M.P. for East St. Pancras in the Conservative interest, is the son of Mr. Thomas Wrightson, of Neasham Hall, Durham. Born in 1839, Mr. Wrightson was trained for business life, and is now leading member of the firm of Head, Wrightson, and Co., Stockton, bridge-builders. He is a J.P. for the county of Durham and a director of the North Eastern Steam Company of Middlesbrough and of the Cramlington Colliery Company, Northumberland. During the General

compressed forage, harness, horseshoes, and miscellaneous stores of all descriptions available for the requirements of a large army. At the Royal Dockyard at Woolwich workmen have been doing overtime for a month past in preparing waterproof canvas for the various purposes of a campaign. The stores are addressed: "To the Chief Ordnance Officer, Cape Town," and "To the Ordnance Officer, Natal."

Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell have taken the Prince of Wales's Theatre for the autumn, and under their management this theatre will reopen early in September.

The death is announced of the Bishop of Limerick, who died on July 17 in his eighty-eighth year. The Right Rev. Charles Graves was a native of Dublin, and had held the see of Limerick since 1866. He was a musician, a mathematician, and a historian.

The learned Templars have been very gay this season, and in addition to their other festivities, the Benchers of the Middle Temple on Tuesday gave a garden party and at-home in their grounds and Hall. The attendance of guests was considerable. During the afternoon an orchestral concert was given in the Hall by the Inns of Court Orchestral Society, and in the grounds there was music by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Encouraging reports are issued regarding the health of Lady Salisbury. The improvement in her condition is well maintained, and there is a distinct increase in strength.

On Monday afternoon, while Mrs. Gladstone was driving at Hawarden, the pony took fright at something on the roadway, and ran off. The vehicle was overturned into a ditch. Fortunately, Mrs. Gladstone escaped with no more serious injury than a severe shaking. The day after the accident it was announced that she had quite recovered.

the successful London magistrate has had no better exemplar. Sir James Vaughan's tact has been tried on some notable occasions in several delicate cases of extradition, and in the famous bother in Trafalgar Square nearly a dozen years ago. A model of patience and shrewdness, he came triumphantly out of every ordeal.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise and Lord Lorne gave a most delightful garden-party at Kensington Palace on July 12. Among those present were ten royalties, and no less than eighteen countries were represented by their respective Ambassadors. It was a picturesque as well as a brilliant scene. Princess Louise received her guests, and herself acted as guide to the apartments associated with Queen Victoria's childhood.

For those who visit the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes races, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are running special trains during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 24. For the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester stations and Goodwood Park.

One does not usually regard a railway time-table as a picturesque or entertaining document, but the Great Eastern Railway Company has done much by the publication of its annotated time-tables to establish the contrary opinion. We have received several of these travellers' tales, which, unlike the proverbial traveller's tale, possess the merit of authenticity. Each book takes one from London to the appointed destination, be it Cromer, Yarmouth, Felixstowe, or Clacton, by express train, describing the principal points of interest along the route with picture and story. Two columns on the margin of the letterpress give the times of arrival at each station and the distance of the same from London.



Sir T. Lipton's steam-yacht "Erin."

"Shamrock."

"Britannia."

THE RACE BETWEEN THE "SHAMROCK" AND "BRITANNIA": THE YACHTS OFF OSBORNE, "SHAMROCK" NINE MINUTES TO THE GOOD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CHARLES J. DE LACY.

The race, which resulted in a victory for the "Shamrock" by 13 min. 10 sec., was in every way a fine event, the winner sailing the 38-mile course in 3½ hours. The Prince of Wales sailed on board his own cutter "Britannia." The previous evening His Royal Highness was the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton on board the "Erin."



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

SILLY sat gazing away into the sea. That was his usual manner of spending the empty mornings, the empty afternoons. Unless his mother called him back to do some work for her, which was unusual, for Silly did things wrong.

The fifteen years of his lonely life were like a placid, shallow, stagnant water, over which at constant intervals swept, from daybreak until evening, the storms of his mother's rages, his brothers' and sisters' teasings and taunts. His father was good to him: sometimes, when his mother beat him, his father would bid her leave off.

He would creep out of the cottage, as often as he could, away among the sand-dunes. He would linger there for

hours, and, if unmolested, he would drift away still farther, to the shore.

"Silly, what are you doing?"

"Nothing, mother."

"Then leave off at once, and come here."

Sometimes he would obey, sometimes not. If not, he would run away farther, into the sand-dunes, and she would beat him, late at night, when he came back. If he went to her at once, she had forgotten, as often as not, for what reason she had called him: if she remembered and set him a task, he would make a mess of it, and then, probably, she would beat him for that. She was hard-working herself, a poor fisherman's wife with many children and many trials: for ten long years she had been

angry with God and with Silly, that her eldest child should have proved an impracticable fool.

And when she saw her sister's boy of twelve go out with his father to the fishing, she hated Silly. On the day when that first took place, and they had extra coffee and buns, with gin for the men, at the sister's house, she broke out angrily, and would not allow Silly to take his bun, like the rest.

"Put it down," she said.

He looked at her, hesitating, disinclined to obey.

"Put it down," she said again, with a stamp of her foot.

Then he did as he was told, and went and sat among the other children, bunless.

In the evening, when the shadows were falling and the



She moved her gloved hand to and fro across his jacket, while she preached him a brief little homily about being gentle and good and kind.

noise of life was stilled, perhaps she somewhat repented—perhaps she thought of her nephew away among the dangers of the deep—she looked kindly at her eldest-born, and made as if she would have kissed him, but amongst her sort there is little kissing of big children, and so she refrained, ashamed. But she gave him a penny to buy sweets with. Next morning, however, Silly had dropped the penny, and she boxed his ears.

There was considerable excuse for Silly's mother, if she failed in tenderness to her eldest son. Had she kissed him, he would probably not have understood—perhaps, if he had understood, he would hardly have cared. The most manifest fact about his clouded nature was that he "didn't notice things," as averse to being petted as he was to being whipped. In truth he had not sufficient experience of kindly treatment: slow intellects like his require more than a passing impression, and in the haphazard education of the poor a certain quickness is needed for a child to discover that his parents are fond of him. Silly never discovered or thought out anything beyond the immediate gratification of the simplest animal tastes. He cared about getting sufficient food, if possible, and basking in the sunlight or near the winter fire.

And thus he would lie for hours and hours, beyond farthest reach of his mother's calling, on the sands, in the golden sunlight, gazing out towards the sea.

In the Château, a mile inward, among the spreading beeches, sat the young Countess, through the morning, with her hands upon her lap.

"I am good for nothing," said the Countess.

Her courtly adviser looked half-reproachful sympathy from the depths of his kindly grey eyes. He was an English gentleman of high position, a well-known and righteously honoured philanthropist; he had been staying for a few days with the young Countess's parents: the forlornness of her lot had struck him. She was nearly thirty: she was not yet married, nor likely to find a husband; she sat in the weary pomp of her upbringing, and the gilded days—of which she never perceived the gilding—passed motionless, if such a thing can be.

"Nobody," said the philanthropist, bending forward, "ever was good for nothing yet. I don't say there have never been people who never found out what special thing they were good for—though such cases, I should hope, are rare—but there certainly never has been a creature of God's creation that was good for nothing at all."

"Not even snakes?" inquired the young Countess.

"Not even snakes," replied the philanthropist, who trusted his theory to pull him through, though he inwardly despaired of his zoology.

"What use are snakes?" said the Countess.

"Snakes are—are—my dear young lady, they eat a lot of other harmful animals—"

"What use are they?" interrupted the Countess; but he pretended not to hear her, hurrying on—

"And very many—eh—charming objects are manufactured out of their beautiful skins—such as—er—purses, and—pocket-books—"

"Ah, yes," said the young Countess, with sudden feeling, "some creatures have, indeed, only one use: to die!"

Her pale blue eyes, that wandered across the park, filled with silent tears. He fancied her maudlin; he was far from guessing the hidden sadness of her words: a large sum of money had been left her, under trusteeship, some years ago by an aunt; her father wanted the money: she knew it.

"Our duty is to live," he said, with slight impatience, "and to glorify God."

"But what can I do? I can do nothing," said the Countess.

The distinguished philanthropist had never heard of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, but he asked the annoying young person beside him whether there were no poor about her gates.

"Poor? Oh, yes; but the minister's wife looks after them, and tells mamma of any case that's especially bad. I should be afraid to speak to poor people."

"Then you have thought over the matter? You feel it would be your duty?"

"Everybody does nowadays, don't they? It is in the air."

"I wish it were!"

"Oh, not the doing good! The feeling that we ought to."

"But if we discern our duty—"

"Although we perfectly well know we can't."

"Scratch my head," said the parrot. For there was a parrot in the room, and the philanthropist wished there wasn't. Last night, in the middle of the drawing-room meeting, having been reinstated by some mischievous nephew, he had spoilt an eloquent bit of special pleading by ejaculating, "Humb!" in that tone of deep conviction which parrots assume.

The young Countess laughed, and, rising, obeyed her favourite's behest. "When I die," she said, "that is to be my epitaph—my cousin Frank has promised me—'Here lies one who never refused to scratch her parrot's head.'"

The philanthropist smiled, and shook his finger at her.

"Admit at least that it shows a kindly disposition. Peter is the single creature I am not afraid to speak to, the single creature I know who is not cleverer than I."

"And you have repeatedly told me that you thought him very clever."

"He is clever with my cleverness: so I can compare. He has no initiative, but he can do as he is told."

"Well, we came across a boy on the sands yesterday when I was out walking with your mother—a rather nice-looking boy of about fifteen, with a gentle, foolish face. Your mother said he was silly."

"Yes, that is his name."

"His name! poor chap! Well, now, my dear young lady, do as you are told. Your mother informed me that nobody had ever tried to make anything of 'Silly.' His own parents ignore or ill-treat him; the schoolmaster says: 'I have no time for imbeciles'; the minister says: 'I have no time for irresponsibles.' Is my information correct?"

"Undoubtedly: you have it from my mother."

"Then here is an opportunity. You have time."

"For imbeciles? One has to."

He looked at her anxiously, for he was as humble as he was kind-hearted and shrewd. "Surely you could go and talk to this boy," he said, "and make him ever so little happier and wiser and better than he is."

"I? Do you take me for a magician?"

"How so?"

"I could make him—momentarily—happier by giving him a penny: all the unhappier afterwards, were his mother to take it away. But 'better,' 'wiser'! Shall the blind lead the blind?"

He waited a moment, looking away. Then he said slowly: "Yes, the one who can open her eyes shall lead the one who cannot. My dear young lady, I have no intention of preaching to you, but at least, if you can do nothing else, you can teach him the one thing you declare yourself to be clever in. Teach him to do as he is told: a most useful thing for one of his mental capacity. His mother, whom we visited, deplored that he was often exceedingly refractory. Here is a mission for you."

"But—"

"I do not think you are as clever in the one thing you are clever in as you imagine yourself to be."

She laughed. "You have me there. I must either prove myself mistaken or obey. I obey, but the consequences be upon your head."

"I accept them. Would that I could always accept consequences as gladly!"

She went out, still laughing, and he, watching from the window, saw her cross the court.

"Humb! Scratch my head," said the parrot.

He turned abruptly, walked across to the beast, and scratched.

"I think you are wrong," he said to the bowing parrot.

"I don't think it's all humbug. You see, I've devoted my whole life to it, but, of course, one can never be quite sure."

At that moment the old Countess came in. She was not really old, but middle aged and comfortable-looking. "What? Have you forgiven Polly?" she said, laughing, for her tact was of the kind peculiar to Countesses.

He answered gravely: "I am earning an epitaph."

"I see: you have been enjoying Hilda. She is really a good girl, much cleverer and kinder than you might think—"

"You give me credit for little discernment," he interrupted.

"But she has been brought up among views widely different from yours. Her father always tells her that the only use of the peasants is for shooting."

"For shooting?"

"Not for being shot, of course. You understand as well as I do."

"Meanwhile, Miss Hilda has gone out to make friends with Silly."

The Countess sat down. "The great difficulty," she said, sighing heavily, "with a creature like that is to find him a fixed occupation. Were he to earn something, however little, I believe his mother might be made to grow fond of him. Do you like shrimps?"

"Very much. I like all good things. What connection have they with your idiot?"

"None at all. I came in to ask; there is a man with them in the kitchen—a rare opportunity; it is so seldom we can get fish near the sea. You shall have an omelette aux crevettes for lunch."

"But I thought the people were fishermen?"

"So they are, but they have contracts with big firms, and everything is sent off to the city."

"Well, then, here is a small beginning for your protégé. Surely, he might learn a little shrimp-catching: it is work for old men and children."

"An excellent idea. I must speak to his mother about it."

"I am going for a stroll by the sea before lunch. If I meet Mademoiselle Hilda, I will tell her."

"Oh, blessed omelet!" laughed the Countess.

Meanwhile, Hilda walked with lagging steps along the wide sea-shore. She enjoyed the sunlit day, the far expanse of sand and ocean: she did not enjoy the prospect of Silly somewhere at the end. She had always felt an instinctive dread of mental derangement; had avoided the harmless simpleton, who avoided everyone else.

"I have brought it on myself," she thought. "I must keep up my reputation for the only virtue I pretend to

possess." She was very fond of the English guest, an old friend of her mother's. "I do not think he does any positive harm," said the Count.

Silly sat on a sand-dune at no great distance from the village, for his mother had told him to "clear out" that morning, so he felt comparatively safe. He saw the young Countess coming, but did not run away from her, as the last thing he would have considered likely was that she should address him. His world did not include her—it included barely half-a-dozen human beings—but he touched his cap, as did everyone, when she passed.

"Good morning," said the Countess, and, to their common perturbation, she sat down.

Silly did not answer, being too shy.

"What a fine morning it is!" presently continued the Countess: this remark Silly considered exceedingly foolish.

The Countess dug down deep into her intelligence. "What is your favourite amusement?" she began, following the rules she had learnt for conversation.

"No," replied Silly, meaning he had none, or couldn't understand, or think it out. "Have you?"

"Philanthropy," answered Hilda promptly. "If you had a little toy-boat you could sail it on the sea."

"Jan's on the sea. I mayn't," said Silly.

"Who is Jan?"

"Jan's Jan, Aunt Mary's son. He's littler'n me."

"Are you fond of Jan?"

"No. He hits me. But I'm stronger'n him."

"Then why don't you hit him back?" queried Hilda curiously, rather forgetting her mission.

"'Cos I'm stronger. 'Twouldn't be fair."

"Dear me!" she was thoughtful for a moment. "That doesn't sound a bit like other boys."

"Mother says I'm not like other boys. I'm silly."

"True," said Hilda, thinking aloud, "if you weren't silly you'd only hit what was weaker than you."

"I'll remember that," said Silly.

Then she realised that she was making a mess of things.

"My dear boy," she explained, "you mustn't mind what I say. You don't understand."

Silly got up. "I'm going," he said.

"Where to?" He pointed to a neighbouring dune.

"I'll come with you," said Hilda.

The boy sat down again. "That's what I was going for," he said.

She coloured violently. "But," she protested, "I—I want to do something for you. Is there nothing I could do? I—I am the Countess Hilda, you know. Is there nothing you would like?"

"No," he said. "Yes. Scratch my back."

The Countess recoiled. "You can do that for yourself," she said.

"No, I can't," he replied obstinately. "I can't reach to it."

"Everybody can. Try."

Again he prepared to slouch off. The image of the Englishman rose before her—she seemed to see his smile.

"Sit down!" she said desperately. "I'll rub your back if you'll listen to what I've got to say."

So she moved her gloved hand to and fro across his jacket, while she preached him a brief little homily about being gentle and good and kind. He did not understand two words of it. But when she stopped for a moment—the rubbing, not the talking—he said, "Go on."

"If you was my mother, would you be good to me?" he interrupted suddenly, that consideration having penetrated his sluggish brain.

Now, had she said "No," what had become of her homily? So she said, "Yes."

"You wouldn't have beaten me?"

"N—no," she replied, feeling disloyal.

"I should like to come and live with you."

She sat silent in the face of this emergency.

"But your mother doesn't beat you when you're good," she began feebly. "That's why, as I was saying, you should always be obedient and good."

"She beats me 'cos I'm not clever," he answered sullenly. "Are you clever?"

"No," she answered promptly. "But, of course, I know a great many things you don't."

"Do ye?" he said doubtfully. "I know a great many things nobody knows. I know them all to myself."

"What sort of thing?"

"About the sea, and the birds, and the creeping things. They come and tell me. Mother knows nothing about 'em. She says the sea's just the sea. And she wants to teach me to do lots o' things I can't do. And they say I'm stupid."

"You poor fellow!" exclaimed Hilda, with tears in her eyes. He glanced up quickly, saw them, and from that moment his whole expression changed.

"You must try to do what she tells you," continued the Countess. "People, like you and me, who are not particularly clever about managing things for ourselves, cannot do better than just simply leave others to arrange everything for us."

"I don't understand," said Silly, with clouded brow.

"When you don't know what to do, do just what you're told to do. You understand that?"

"P'raps."

"You'll be much happier. You know you cannot find out for yourself, S—"

She checked the word.

"D'ye mean to say I must do whatever she tells me?"

"Yes."

"Whew! Well, nobody ever spoke to me like you before: it sounds nice. P'raps I'll try."

"Do. Come, shall we walk home together?" She got up from the sandhill; together they strolled along the beach. He picked up a couple of shells and gave them her, common shells such as anyone might pick up, and none but a child or a fool would keep.

"Good-bye," she said, stopping, when the cottages were a few yards off.

"Why don't you call me by my name, please?" was his unexpected reply.

"Because I don't know it," she answered uncomfortably.

"Why, it's 'Silly.' You know, it's 'Silly.'"

She coloured again. "Good-bye, Silly," she said, and held out her hand, which he took awkwardly.

"Remember," she said. "And if you don't want to do what she tells you, ask God to make you want."

"P'raps." He was slouching off, when the Englishman came round a corner.

"I have been looking for you," said the Englishman.

"I have an idea for this poor boy. He is to learn shrimp-catching, an easy work. Let us go and tell his mother."

So they went, and the mother was delighted at any chance of the lad's earning a trifle. Silly, too, was delighted—naturally—for the highest aspiration of his life was to get nearer than possible to the sea.

In the evening, an hour before sundown, he started, accompanied by his younger cousin Jan. All the afternoon the pair had been busy with an old shrimp-catcher who lived near them, learning; and, though Silly still felt shaky, Jan had fully mastered the very simple trick. A net had been borrowed, and, attired in the old shrimper's oilskin bags, a sally comic figure, Silly now sallied forth.

"Mind you don't make a fool of yourself," said his mother. "Do what Jan tells you, mind."

"I mind."

"I must go out to-night with father," said Jan importantly.

"You've plenty of time to go with Silly first. You can have a penny of what he earns," said the mother, going in.

So they trudged along the sands to a far-away spot where no one would disturb them, and Silly went into the water, triumphantly pushing the net in front of him. It was the happiest moment of his life.

Jan directed him from the shore with much superfluous superiority, and he drove his net along in the calm grey water, under the fading light. But they caught no shrimps.

After a time the interest began to pall. "I'll tell you what!" cried Jan from the shore. "I'll just run home and get things ready. You stop here till I come back, mind."

"In the water?" called Silly. "P'raps."

"Mind you do. I'll only be a minute. Didn't your

But Silly propelled his net through the darkening water, catching nothing.

A visitor to the village inn passed on his homeward way. He knew the boy was a simpleton, and the simpletons of this world are fair game, always.

in his mother's name—had ordered him to stay. He must obey Jan. He went back into the chilling water. He was very unwilling to do it, but again he remembered the Countess's words, and he said, "God, make me want!" The stars came out. The long line of coast grew dim.



Kew Bridge, from the towing path.

"What are you doing there?" he questioned.

"Catching shrimps," came the answer.

"How many have you caught?"

"None."

The stranger laughed. "You don't know how to catch 'em," he said, and then an idea struck him. "You don't know what to say."

"Say?"

"Say, of course. The shrimps won't come unless you call 'em. Every fisherman knows that. You must sing, so that they hear you—"

"Shrimp, shrimp, come and feed."

God grant me all my need!"

"Old Kobus never told me!"

"Then old Kobus, whoever he is, is a fool."

"But there isn't any food in the net!"

"Never mind; do you know your song?"

"No."

And the stranger had to repeat it several times before Silly pretended to have learned it. Then the stranger, in the twilight, laughed his way home.

The rippling waves crept forward as the tide began to turn. He pushed his net in front of him, the unwieldy oilskins clinging in lumps about his limbs. And he sang, in a weary, hesitating chant

"Shrimp—shrimp—all I need."

At the château, in the cheerful dining-room, all lights and laughter, the young Countess Hilda smiled upon the grave philanthropist. "I am so thankful to you," she said, with sparkling eyes. "You have done a good work to-day. I feel very happy whenever I think of that poor boy: after all, you are right; there is nobody good for nothing."

In the rising water, deadly cold, with blackness all around him, but for half-a-dozen watching stars, so high above, Silly pushed his empty net and sang his empty song. Sometimes he sang it low, for weariness, sometimes, when the thought of the Countess came upon him, he sang it loud, for hope. He was doing what she wished him to. The water was all about him: it was very cold and dark and horrible—he was very frightened. But then he was only silly and couldn't manage things—or understand. He must wait till Jan came back—must always wait till Jan came back, and do as he was told—obey.

The water was at his throat. He stopped pushing and singing.

"Shrimp—shrimp—all I need!" And a great wave from God arose on the breast of the waters and swept over them, into stillness and peace.

For life heareth prayer.

THE END.

A GLIMPSE OF KEW BRIDGE.

The Palace and the Gardens at Kew are at this season among the favourite sights of the Londoner. In that Palace Queen Charlotte died in 1818, and since 1810 the Gardens, formerly a royal, have been a national possession. The organ in the church at Kew is supposed to have belonged to Handel; and in the graveyard lie the ashes of Gainsborough. Kew Observatory is hard by, and Sion House, which was a nunnery before it was a pleasure-house for the Percys, bears a sign sufficiently familiar to Londoners of middle age—the lion that stood sentry at Charing Cross on Northumberland House before it was cleared away to make room for Northumberland Avenue. Kew Bridge, which is placed in the midst of so many memories and has borne the burden of so many moralising visitors, is itself, for the moment, in the hands of the builders.

ON THE MEDWAY.

The Medway is a river that brings coolness to three counties—to Sussex and to Surrey, whence it draws its three head-streams, but mostly to Kent. At Penshurst it is joined by the Eden, at Tunbridge by the Tun, at Yalding by the Beult, at Queenborough by the Swale, and at Maidstone by the Len. Above Rochester it becomes estuarial, and is sometimes two miles in width between Gillingham and Sheerness. It has its famous marshes, and it embraces, in the reach between Chatham and Sheerness, a number of islands and small peninsulas. It is a river of pleasure-boats and of business barges, such as our sketch shows, and a river, moreover, that abounds in fish.



BARGES ON THE MEDWAY.

mother say you was to do exactly as I said? If you stir, I'll tell her, and she'll lick you."

"I don't mind that!" cried Silly.

"All you've got to do is to stay and catch 'em!" shouted Jan, most mindful of his penny.

"How am I to catch 'em? I wish I could!"

"Go in farther, you fool!" cried Jan, running off.

At his own door his father waylaid him, and, heedless of his familiar protests, sent him a mile away for some particular gin.

Silly went on pushing his net, and singing. What he sang was—

"Shrimp, shrimp—all my need!"

for that was all he remembered. It grew slowly dark, and the water was very cold. He got sick of the weary labour, and pushed his way towards the shore.

Then, suddenly, the Countess Hilda's words of that morning blazed up in his mind. They were the only kind words that had ever been spoken to him by a stranger. He must always obey his mother, and his mother—or Jan,



The "Freya."

The "Vineta."

THE FUTURE GERMAN NAVAL STATION AT DANZIG.

From the Painting by Paul Brockmüller, Berlin.

Our illustration of the port of Danzig shows the *Freya* and the *Vineta*, the latest German ironclads. The former will be commissioned this month, the latter will be ready for sea in August. They were both built in the Imperial Docks at Danzig. The basin depicted is the future naval station at Danzig, with the *Freya* in the background and the *Vineta* in front. Danzig, as every schoolboy ought to know, is a fortified city and seaport of Prussia situated on the delta of the Vistula, and traversed by the Mottlau, which has been deepened for navigation. Danzig is the centre of the export trade for the Vistula territory, the most important shipments being corn and timber. Its exports, however, have greatly dwindled. Against this has to be set the great rise in its manufactories, wool-mills, and chemical works, machine shops, distilleries, and shipbuilding yards, increasing year by year. Danzig also carries on a great manufacture of small arms and artillery.

In 1893 the greatest depth of the harbour was twenty-three feet, but extensive improvements were then contemplated and have now been to a great extent completed. The port then possessed an imperial floating dock, 15 ft. deep on the sill, and a dry dock. In 1350 Danzig joined the Hanseatic League, and during the fifteenth century attained to such a pitch of prosperity that it was, appropriately enough, styled the "northern Venice." War and siege, however, reduced its power, and the present importance of Danzig is a revival dating no further back than the present century. The town still possesses many quaint buildings of an earlier day.

The most important of the churches is St. Mary's, which was begun in 1343 and completed in 1503. It possesses the famous Danzig picture of the Last Judgment, once believed to be the work of Jan van Eyck,

but now generally ascribed to Memling. The Town Hall, founded in 1379, is a fine example of Gothic architecture. Other noteworthy buildings are the Exchange, which also dates from the fourteenth century, the Citadel, and theatre, the last of recent foundation. During the war between France and Prussia in 1807, Danzig was bombarded and captured by Lefebvre, and from this exploit he took his title Duke of Danzig. At the Peace of Tilsit Napoleon declared Danzig a free town under the protection of France, Prussia, and Saxony. He restored its ancient territory, but a French Governor remained in it, and by compelling it to submit to the Continental system, almost ruined its trade. In 1814 Danzig was given back to Prussia. Its harbours are visited every year by about two thousand seagoing vessels and a multitude of smaller craft.



SERGEANT WOOD, 8. STAFFS VOLS., WHO MADE A RECORD SHOOT FOR BISLEY:
HIGHEST POSSIBLE AT EACH DISTANCE FOR DUKE OF YORK'S CUP.



MISS LILIAN RENNIER, CHAMPION SHOT OF THE TRANSVAAL 1895:
NOW AT BISLEY.

This year's Bisley meeting will be remembered for the remarkable score made in the competition for the Duke of York's Cup. Sergeant Wood, of the 1st V.B. South Staffordshire Regiment, made the highest possible score at the three distances, 200, 300, and 600 yards. Twice only has such a feat been performed before, and as regards one of the occasions it is doubtful whether the match in question was shot under "Queen's conditions."

The Duke of York's Cup is presented by the Duke of York as President of the English Twenty Club. It is competed for by teams of ten, representing the eight divisions into which England is organised by the Club. This year the winners represented the Manchester division, the Midland division, for which Sergeant Wood made his remarkable "shoot," being second.



THE CANADIAN TEAM: WINNERS OF THE £50 COLONIAL PRIZE IN THE KOLAPORE CUP COMPETITION.

The shooting for the Kolapore Cup produced a fine match between the English and Canadian teams at 600 yards. The earlier stages of the competition were decidedly dull, but at the last distance the Canadians pressed the English team hard, scoring 256 against the leaders' 260. England won with a total score of 768.

Among our portraits of famous marksmen is Sergeant Wood, already alluded to, and Mr. Ellicott, champion in the running-man and running-deer competition, for which he holds the world's record. Mr. Block, of Holland, now at Bisley, is the champion quick-firing shot with the revolver. He took the first prize at the recent meeting in the Netherlands. Miss Lilian Rennier, who is doing very well at the present Bisley Meeting, was the champion shot of the Transvaal in 1895.



MR. ELLICOTT, CHAMPION IN RUNNING MAN AND
RUNNING DEER COMPETITION.



MEDALLISTS SHOOTING IN PRINCE OF WALES'S.



MR. ELLICOTT SHOOTING AT THE RUNNING DEER.



MR. BLOCK, OF HOLLAND: CHAMPION QUICK-FIRING SHOT
AND FIRST PRIZEMAN AT RECENT HOLLAND MEETING.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen has spent the last week of her stay at Windsor in comparative quiet, unhindered, however, by the visits of various foreign notabilities, including the Duke d'Alençon, the Duchess de Vendôme, and Prince and Princess Alphonse of Bavaria. Mr. Balfour also was a few days ago a diner at the Castle. For the most part, however, her Majesty spends her life in the companionship of Princess Henry of Battenberg, one of the familiar and beloved bodyguard to be recognised in a royal group, reproduced to-day, which was photographed at the end of her Majesty's last stay at Balmoral.

The *Draemur Castle* left Southampton last Saturday afternoon, carrying on board fifteen officers and over three hundred men for service in South Africa. The interest exhibited at Waterloo Station, when they took train, was renewed again at Southampton; and many queries as to their exact destination and the probabilities of peace and war in the Transvaal were directed to Lieutenant-Colonel Kincaid and the officers and men under his command. All that could be said in reply was that their orders took them to Cape Town, where they were to report themselves to General Sir William Butler and to receive from him their final instructions.

Bottesford Church, where many members of the Manners family are laid to rest, is built upon a quicksand, and damp accordingly. It is some four miles distant from Belvoir Castle, where the modern Dukes and Duchesses of Rutland repose in a mausoleum built at the beginning of this century by "the good Duchess" Elizabeth, whose marble effigy there is the work of Wyatt. Within its walls, this week, has the Duchess of Rutland, who loved all the history of Belvoir, been carried to her long rest. At Bottesford, by the way, are buried Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, and his "two little sonnes, both which dyed in their infancy by wicked practice and sorcery." Some domestics, dismissed from the service of the Countess, entered, according to the contemporary chronicles, into that of the Devil, who took the form of a cat to oblige them, and brought about the sickening and death, without due reason, of the two boys. The case was followed with grave interest by James I., and the two accused women were burnt to death at Lincoln in 1618, that the poor little "bewitched children" might be avenged.

After a period of peril prolonged until hope was almost extinct, the *Paris* went astern half her length and was towed into Falmouth harbour. The three salvage boats in attendance accomplished the towing-off practically unaided. When finally towed into

of course, one cannot compare with any profit a comedian playwright and a world dramatist and poet. Moreover, M. Claretie labours under the delusion that Shakspeare was essentially a writer of tragedies, forgetting his histories, romances, comedies, farces. And he propounds the preposterous theory that while Shakspeare's women were made to be adored,



SPARROWS' NEST PARK, NORTH LOWESTOFT.

those of Molière were made to be married. Really it is impossible to take the Director of the *Comédie Française* seriously. It is to the Teutonic not to the Gallic temperament that Shakspeare must make his foreign appeal. The nation which could translate Hamlet's "wormwood" by "absinthe," must find it hard to regard the Bard of Avon as aught but a "drunken savage." Still, Sir Charles Dilke's ironical suggestion that the great French tragédienne should follow up her slim boy-Hamlet by an unpadded Falstaff was a trifle maladroit. 'Twas hardly calculated, at any rate, to fulfil M. Claretie's pious aspiration for "a free trade in masterpieces."

"All the fun of the fair" has ever a fascination for young and old, and visitors to the remarkably popular "Greater Britain" Exhibition for the most part find greatest pleasure in the exhilarating delights of the water-chute and of the switch-back railway, donkey-riding in the "Street in Cairo," in perambulating the illuminated pleasure gardens, or in a lively hour or so at the realistic "Savage South Africa" show. But there is an instructive side to the Earl's Court Exhibition. The importance of our colonial mining industries is brought before the public, and the Imperial comprehensiveness of this "Greater Britain" Exhibition may be judged from a glance over the excellent guide and catalogue prepared by Mr. Austin Brereton, courteous superintendent of the Press bureau at Earl's Court.

Mr. John Charlton's picture of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration, 1897, painted by command of the Queen, will, at the close of the Royal Academy, be shown at Liverpool during the autumn exhibition in the Corporation Art Gallery. By special permission of her Majesty, the picture is shortly to be reproduced by Messrs. William Doig and Co., publishers of "The Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey, 1897."

The mansion-house of Sparrows' Nest Park, North Lowestoft, which, with its grounds and aviaries, was purchased by the Corporation of Lowestoft to commemorate the sixty years' reign, is one of the most charming places in eastern England. It was visited by Oliver Cromwell and his troops after the defeat of the Lowestoftians, who espoused the Royalist cause; and one of its attractions is the "Cromwell bed-room," with its historical furniture and relics. Other occupants were the celebrated Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the late Baron Alderson, Judge of H.M. Exchequer. Flowing from the hills is a medicinal spring, said to possess sovereign virtue for diseases of the eye. Sparrows' Nest Park, being near the sea, was at one time occupied by smugglers, and was connected by subterranean passages with the parish church and portions of the town.



THE CROMWELL ROOM AND RELICS, SPARROWS' NEST PARK.

Photograph by Charles Metcalfe, Lowestoft.



THE SALVED "PARIS" IN FALMOUTH HARBOUR.

Photograph by Harrison, Falmouth.

the harbour the vessel still had a considerable list to port, as shown in our illustration. The work of patching the rents in her hull was at once proceeded with. Captain Watkins, whose certificate has been suspended for two years, takes upon himself all the blame of the mishap, saying that his calculations were at fault.

Dr. Harry Lunn and Mr. Perowne inform us that in addition to their six guinea Swiss tours and ten guinea cruises to Norway, they are giving special facilities for ordinary travellers journeying independently either to the Continent or to the North of England and Scotland. Special arrangements have been concluded with the Great Northern Railway Company for the issue of tickets to the North of England and Scotland at Dr. Lunn's offices, 3, Charing Cross Buildings, and also for reserving seats for individual travellers and family and saloon carriages with first and third class.

When one says that "El Capitan" relates the old fable of a pusillanimous and masquerading governor, is composed by the author of "The Washington Post," is acted by a comedian who can boast a stature of six-foot-two, the new Lyric opera is sufficiently described. The plot, spread over three acts, as Offenbachian convention requires, is thin to the verge of tenuity. The music is stirring, rousing—nay, ear-piercing and strepitous, relying on brass and the instruments of percussion; and the star comedian, Mr. de Wolf Hopper, is a Transatlantic of the Transatlantics—dry, versatile, nervous, and furiously energetic. His performance is really remarkable, inasmuch as it dominates but never depresses the piece. There's a handsome but showy soprano to sing the sentimental ditties; there's an American Kitty Loftus, who languishes for love of the pseudo Capitan, and there's a scapegoat for the Spanish Viceroy, who recalls the little General in "Pepita." You can't help enjoying "El Capitan," but you are not likely to pay it a second visit. Neither costumes nor dancing, neither music nor sensuous appeal, justifies its comparison with the irresistible and ever running "Belle of New York."

Innocuous amiability: that may be said to have been the keynote of M. Jules Claretie's Lyceum lecture on "Shakspeare and Molière." The mere collocation of names reveals the absurdity of the Frenchman's position. One might as well bring together Dante and Ben Jonson, Goethe and Congreve, Victor Hugo and Sheridan. For,

"The finest body of men in the world after cricketers," is what Prince Ranjitsinhji has styled English firemen. The occasion was the opening of the new Fire Station at Acton on Wednesday, July 12. The proceedings commenced with a parade of engines in the recreation-ground, attended by the Richmond, Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick

city, which gave him its Freedom, has done something to divest itself of its old reputation for smoke and grime. If the Tyne has lost some of its trade in recent years, the atmosphere has been the gainer, and Lord Wolsley was able to admire a clear blue sky above him as he reviewed the regulars and auxiliaries of the district on the famous town-



THE NEW FIRE STATION AT ACTON.



OPENING THE NEW FIRE STATION AT ACTON: PARADE OF ENGINES.

brigades. Afterwards they proceeded to East Acton Green, where the new Shand and Mason engine was tried, and then back through the town to the new station, where the opening ceremony was performed by Mr. E. F. Hunt, Chairman of the District Council. A dinner was held in the evening, at which Lord George Hamilton was present. A letter from K. S. Ranjitsinhji was read, enclosing £10 10s. towards presenting long-service medals to Acton firemen, and accompanying the gift with the compliment already recorded.

A big fire in Portsmouth has resulted in the partial destruction of the premises of Messrs. Vosper and Co., boat-builders—premises adjoining the Blue Posts Inn, the successor to the hostelry familiar to readers of Marryat's novels. The Borough Brigade were helped to extinguish the flames by men from the Royal Artillery and other barracks; and an immense crowd witnessed the burning by which the whole of Portsmouth was illuminated.

The naval mobilisation for the manoeuvres was carried out this year at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport, with admirable despatch. According to the official programme, the principal objects of the manoeuvres will be the testing of the most useful methods of employing a large body of cruisers in conjunction with the Fleet, and the examination of the question of speed versus fighting strength. Experiments are also being conducted with regard to the efficiency of torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers.

Lord Wolsley, whose health is not so good as friends wish it to be, enjoyed during his visit to Newcastle-on-Tyne the bracing breezes of the German Ocean. The

moor. Altogether nearly ten thousand men were there, including a brigade of Royal Artillery, a division of four brigades of Volunteer Artillery, a brigade of Militia, and ten regiments of Infantry Volunteers, all under the control of Major-General R. Thynne, commanding the North-East District. The Commander-in-Chief had a very appropriate host in Sir Andrew Noble, a partner in the Elswick ordnance works of Lord Armstrong.



FIRE AT VOSPER'S WORKS, PORTSMOUTH.

The Countess of Warwick's efforts for the education of women as agriculturists have taken many practical shapes; and now, last of all, show themselves in her editorship of a paper entitled the *Woman's Agricultural Times*. The old cry of "Back to the land," familiar on the lips of Mr. Ernest Jones, is echoed, and on behalf of women, by Lady Warwick, who sees in it a rallying cry for many educated women whose melancholy and monotonous existence leads them to "drift upon any marriage" as a means of livelihood, however little it may have the approval of their better judgment. As gardeners and agriculturists, however, women may fairly claim to have broken ground in a field Eve flirted with.

Mr. Arthur à Beckett's new volume "The Modern Adam; or, How Things Are Done" is dedicated to Mr. Punch, "with affectionate respect, by his faithful servant for a quarter of a century, the author." It is "light"

literature, the gleanings of many papers contributed through many years to the pages of *Punch* and other periodicals. Every page is informed by the author's shrewd and kindly outlook upon life. It is a book for the smoking-room or hall-table, a book to dip into and smile, to dip into again and to smile again, or, perhaps, to sigh that so many pleasant things which the little essays recall are over and done with.



OUR NAVAL MANOEUVRES: THE DEVONPORT CONTINGENT.

DRAWN BY G. F. COWARD, DEVONPORT.

This contingent manned, proceeded to Plymouth, and dispersed to various stations in forty-eight hours, thereby establishing a record.



Photo. Robert M. Jones, Baltimore

THE LATEST ROYAL GROUP: THE QUEEN, THE GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF BATTENBERG, AND PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG.



TROOPS FOR SOUTH AFRICA: 7TH DETACHMENT ROYAL ENGINEERS, FROM DUBLIN, AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS SHED ALONGSIDE THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE."

The men, on detraining, took off all their accoutrements, piled arms, and proceeded to pack their equipments in haversacks, kit-bags, etc., for storage aboard.

SEE "TOPICS OF THE DAY."



THE FIRST OF THE ROW

THE FIRST OF THE ROW

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

A CHAPERON

THEY RIDE TOGETHER
AT BARRACLOUGH
Now in the ROW

THE FIRST OF THE ROW

THE FIRST OF THE ROW

THE FIRST OF THE ROW

THE FIRST OF THE ROW



DAWN IN THE FOREST.



LOVERS.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sketches and Studies in South Africa. By W. J. Knox Little, M.A. [Boston.]
By Samuel R. Gardiner, D.C.L. (Goupil and Co.)
By William Le Queux. (F. V. White.)
The Wind among the Reeds. By W. B. Yeats. (Elkin Mathews)
Vol. II. By John Ruskin, D.C.L. (George Allen)
The Prince who now becomes Czarovich. By W. H. Mallock. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Fiddler of Dooney. By Cecil Headlam. (John Macquenn)

Canon Knox Little has not made the most of an excellent opportunity. A judicial and temperate review of South African problems by a man of his standing might be extremely beneficial just now, but his obviously hasty (to say nothing of occasionally quite prejudiced) conclusions upon crucial matters are of dubious assistance to the open-minded inquirer. His tribute to Mr. Rhodes may well pass, but the ability and personal magnetism of Mr. Rhodes are not the salient importances at the moment. Canon Knox Little has keenly appreciated the scenic beauties of South Africa, and was reminded in the study of picturesque classic parallels; but the praise is sometimes conventional, and uneven in style; jottings about hotels and mineral waters, among other things, are of somewhat bizarre aspect amid the descriptive enthusiasm aroused by opal evenings and pellucid air. The whole is too hurriedly wrought to be proportioned, artistic, and stimulating. The attitude towards the Boers is almost painfully biased; and statements such as "their very language is incapable of expressing high philosophical ideas" strike one as beside the point. Three-fourths of the British Empire have got on very well without high philosophy; one is not absolutely sure, indeed, that the whole Cabinet would come well through an examination in, let us say, the theories of the Cartesian. Even the historical portions of "Sketches and Studies in South Africa" leave something to be desired: for instance, the story of Majuba Hill is inexact and even superficial, and on this point a writer has no excuse for misapprehension after the careful and exhaustive evidence brought forward by Sir William Butler in his *Life of Sir George Pomeroy-Colley*. Canon Knox Little's book has its good points, but we fear they are outweighed by the biased and hurried ones; and it is regrettable altogether that a minister of religion has imparted heat rather than light to a question that presented already so many elements of difficulty and trouble.

True as it is that there is still room for a biography of the Great Protector, and admirably as Dr. Gardiner has compressed the story of his public career, we are doubtful if the time has yet come to give a complete survey of his private life. By his silence Dr. Gardiner confesses that, like other historians of this period, he has not had access to the Fauconberg papers, which for nearly two centuries have remained undisturbed at Newburgh Priory. There are, however, other sources of information more available, of which Dr. Gardiner has made free use; and the result is a vivid sympathetic summary—written with as little bias as possible—of the great Parliamentary struggle and Cromwell's rise to supreme power. With the historical aspect of the work before us we are not immediately concerned. This volume, which forms another of the magnificent series brought out under the auspices of Messrs. Goupil, appeals to the world by its artistic form and by the illustrations with which it abounds. But Cromwell, although an enlightened protector of art, was so little its patron that the authenticated portraits of himself are extremely rare, and those of his family still more so. The portrait by Walker at Hinchbrook is evidently the one to which the compiler of this volume most leans; and it is obvious from the pictures at the National Portrait Gallery and at Althorp that Robert Walker was the Painter in Ordinary to his Highness, although he bore no such distinction. The collection of family portraits at Chequers Court which has descended to the present owner, Mrs. Frankland Russell-Astley, has also been laid under contribution, and the portrait of Oliver Cromwell at the age of two years may in time rival in popularity, if not in personal beauty, that of the "Stuart baby." But the Court painter of the Stuarts was bound to be a flatterer. Of Cromwell's four daughters—Bridget (Mrs. Ireton), Elizabeth (Mrs. Claypole), Mary (Lady Fauconberg), and Frances (Lady Russell)—there are miniatures at least of which the authenticity is undoubted; and Samuel Cooper, whose unfinished portrait of Oliver Cromwell is beyond suspicion, was brought into closer contact with the Protector's family than even Robert Walker. The attractiveness of the volume is increased by the reproduction of several of the leading men of the Commonwealth; and if the face of Blake is absent from this gathering, it is because no authentic portrait of the founder of England's naval power is known. We have only to add that the volume is produced with the sumptuousness and artistic finish which marked the previous volumes issued by the same publishers.

In "England's Peril" we have a harrowing tale of how nearly our national existence was endangered about a year ago by the horrid machinations of French spies, who stole the documents of a Secret Committee of Defence. The tool of the spies was a beautiful woman, of French extraction certainly, but whose every affection tied her to England. It is Mr. Le Queux's hard task to persuade us that she was a pure, angelic, much-wronged being. Well, a spy is a spy, and the lowest kind of creeping thing, and in spite of his ingenious explanation, he will probably have written the apologetic portion of his book in vain. Since the story is an artificial one, he might have invented rather more. There are several ways in which Irma, with a little brains, might have outwitted the rascally bully La Touche. The simplest way would have been to take

the lover, whose reputation she was ruining, into her confidence. He, too, had reasons for dealing gently with the woman, that other victim of La Touche, the screening of whose crime is the alleged reason for Irma's treason. And, surely, the man who was clever enough to be the secretary of a National Defence Committee, when aware of his lady's terrible position, could have invented false documents for her to deliver to the spy. Left to herself, she stupidly and faithfully copied the genuine ones. A little collusion of this kind would have still caused delay enough to enable the guilty woman on the Riviera to catch, and die, of the fever, by which she escaped the clutches of the law at last. And La Touche would have been made a fool of. Mr. Le Queux must excuse us remarking in our own minds his story. We have known his invention work more successfully than in "England's Peril."

"The Wind among the Reeds," long withheld, was worth waiting for. The wind among the reeds has blown in many a waste place to make it fair with new flowers, and here it blows again, making beautiful new rhyme that has upon it the seal of "eternal Beauty wandering on her way" to fashion new poets, and to solace those that sing no more. Who was it said of a book that it was *drowned in Scotland*? This book is drowned in Ireland—the Ireland that is not bounded by any Channel waters, that may not be found on any chart: the Ireland, that is, of the seven winds and the unfixed stars, the dew, the print of vanishing fairy feet, the things that are not abiding the building of dreams. People out of other stories flash out and in across these



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH.

HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

The Prince who now becomes Czarovich is the third son of the late Alexander III., and only surviving brother of the present Czar. He was born at St. Petersburg on Dec. 4, 1878.

shining pages—Michael Robartes, the dreamer of dreams, and Ianrahan the Red are of those we meet again; but they are not living men clothed upon with flesh and blood: they are dreams, and cast no shadows, and their names are naught. Aedh sings to his mistress, and it is not the voice of one Hugh nor another Hugh, but the song of every lover who has "the wind in his blood." There is no sunshine in the poems, but there is passionate love—

And therefore my heart will burn, when dew
 Is dropping sleep, until God bow
 Before the unlabouring stars and you—

and wild sorrow—

There is much evil in the crying of wind—
 I became a reed that horses tread,
 I became a man, a hater of the wind.

And everywhere there is twilight—the twilight that belongs of right to all loves that are not of the earth earthly, having breathed the breath of the two worlds that are all we know. "The Cloths of Heaven" is a small and perfect love-song of Aedh's—a jewel eight lines long; and the "Heart of the Woman" is full of human passion—

O what to me the little room
 That was brimmed up with prayer and rest;
 He bade me out into the gloom,
 And my breast lies upon his breast.
 O what to me my mother's care,
 The house where I was safe and warm?
 The shadowy blossom of my hair
 Will hide us from the bitter storm.
 O hiding hair and dewy eyes,
 I am no more with life and death;
 My heart upon his warm heart lies,
 My breath is mixed into his breath.

"The Fiddler of Dooney" has the same kindly human

touch in it, and its argument is much to be commended in these days when grievous books are as plenty as blackberries—

The good are always the merry
 Saved by an evil chance.

Did we say that grievous tales were plenty as blackberries? Well, there remains this charm against their delicious influences: Mr. Yeats has told us long since where to go that we "may buy joy for a penny," and this book of beauty is but forty-two pennies.

To the more fastidious admirers of Mr. Ruskin's writings these outlines of the scenes and thoughts of his past life are somewhat trying. It is almost impossible to follow the working of the writer's mind or to realise the connection between the titles and the contents of each chapter. The present volume dealing with the ten years 1839-49 travels over the period in which the two first volumes of the "Modern Painters" appeared. The first person to call attention to this "work of transcendent talent which presented the most original views and the most elegant and powerful language," was Sydney Smith, who also prophesied that it would "work a complete revolution in the world of taste." To Mr. Ruskin we are indebted for an even higher appreciation of Sydney Smith's "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," which, if they had been printed at the time, would possibly have prevented the second volume of "Modern Painters" being written at all. It is a little startling to find this interesting personal note inserted in a chapter headed "Feasts of the Vandals," and the relation of the title to the contents is only partially revealed by some smart hits at the present fashion of modern painters—for instance, Sir Alma Tadema, Miss Clara Montalba, and others, whose aim is to overpower the public mind with their greatness or catch it with their smallness. There is, as may be well imagined, plenty of excellent reading in this volume; but it is *décousu* to such an extent that one can only turn to it from time to time. Perhaps, after all, this is the true and the best way to enjoy Mr. Ruskin. Of him it may be said with equal truth that "the style is the man," as well as "of the man," for few writers of modern times have invented a style in which so much thought is conveyed in such exquisite language—both thought and language being alike original. If as a critic on art Mr. Ruskin's reputation may fade, his qualities as a writer and a social moralist will bear the test of time, and he will stand out as one of the most attractive personalities of the Victorian age.

As an accomplished dialectic writer on present-day views of social, political, and theological philosophy, Mr. W. H. Mallock has shown versatility, if not much depth or breadth. One talent he undeniably possesses, that of a pin-pricking, rather than incisive or cutting-up, kind of wit. He is clever, too, in substituting for calm argument the caricature figures and fancied habits of imaginary persons, to whom he imputes those doctrines which it has become his vocation to disparage. This, however, is not exactly the right way to make himself an agreeable novelist. It is only by the delightful quality of humour, which cannot flourish without genial humane sympathy, that the apparent malevolence of literary satire is to be sweetened. Readers who are not already very angry with the projectors and advocates of something or other called "Progress"—whether it be Republicanism, Democracy, Socialism, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, or Positivism, Agnosticism, or Rationalist Ethical Theism—will not care for Mr. Mallock's report of the speech-makers at Starfield Hall. The fabricator of a puppet-show can easily make his own creatures repulsive and contemptible, as Mr. Mallock does with Mrs. Norham, Mr. Prouse Bousefield, Tibbits, Poulton, and Squelch. To make them amusing, when we know that they are utterly unreal, and unlike all the living representatives of enthusiastic efforts disapproved by Mr. Mallock, would demand a creative genius that he does not possess. His story, merely as a fictitious narrative, has no originality or consistency in the haphazard plot and scarcely intelligible concurrence of incidents. Its hero, Mr. Tristram Brandon Lacy, is a negatively estimable character who does not know what he wants or wishes, and has no will to do anything—not even to fall in love; nor either to keep or to give up a large estate, or a prospect of celebrity in Parliament—until mysterious ladies compel him to exert himself, after they have secretly managed the whole business for him. If this be the type of an "Individualist," we prefer the Socialist man or woman. They may be erring, but they would not be so dull as Tristram Lacy is.

Mr. Headlam has read Rousseau's "Confessions," and, like all the world, been fascinated by them. He has felt one strong resemblance between himself—or let us say his hero—and Jean Jacques. Both are frank egotists. There the likeness ends. His patient explanation of himself, or George Hesperdale, reveals an unpleasant and a very thin personality. Both defects may be modified with the passing of youth; and Hesperdale, after his feeble little bouts of passion, his immature reflections, religious and philosophical, is still a young man when his story, "The Secret of Sorrow," closes. The writer has got hold of a good motive. That love subjected to indignity is poisoned at its source and the cause of endless, incurable pain is a usefully true if obvious thesis. But in support of it he has written a story with very silly incidents in it, and he has touched strong situations with a solemn frivolity which will hurt a good many sensitive readers.



HOLIDAY TIME.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXIV.—SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICHES.

By LASCELLES AND Co., 13, FITZROY STREET, W.

The South African Ostrich, though not specifically distinguished from the northern species, is generally smaller. The Zoological Gardens have lately received a splendid example of the northern male bird from Nigeria, two females which arrived a few weeks ago from the same region being probably the largest birds ever exhibited by the Society.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXV.—THE RED KANGAROO.

By LARCELLES AND CO., 13, FITZROY STREET, W.

The Kangaroos are all vegetable feeders. They browse on grass and different kinds of herbage, the smaller species also eating roots. They are timid and inoffensive, but the larger varieties will, when driven to bay, fight desperately.



Picking Strawberries



Raspberries



Refreshment after Toil



Farm House



A passing Shower

End

THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S.



THE PROMENADE.



H. K. LONGMAN (44, 81) AND E. O. GRENFELL (28, 81) ETON.



E. B. DENISON (39 NOT OUT) AND O. P. S. GILLIAT (23, 51 NOT OUT) ETON.



E. M. DOWSON HARROW CAPTAIN (57 NOT OUT) AND C. P. GOODEN GOING IN TO BAT.



G. COOKSON (40, 22) AND E. W. MANN (44), HARROW, GOING IN TO BAT.



CLOSE OF THE HARROW INNINGS.

Last Saturday, for the fifth time during the last six years, the Eton and Harrow Cricket Match at Lord's resulted in a draw. The two days' struggle, lasting each day from eleven in the morning till seven in the evening, and bringing into play the powers of Longman, Grenfell, Wornall, and Gilliat on the one side, and of Dowson, Wyld, Cookson, and Mann on the other, did not suffice to set decisive victory with either eleven. Among individuals Dowson took the honours; he played the highest innings, and took six of the Eton wickets, while he never lost his own.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SORRENTO AND OTHERS.—We are sure the author of No. 2840 will be glad to hear your well-considered appreciation of his problem.

B. H. (Hallebury).—Thanks, it shall be examined.

W. RILEY.—It is very good for a first attempt, and we trust you will be encouraged to try again.

W. H. GUNDEY.—Thanks for problem.

J. R. ROBERTSON (West Kensington).—We could not venture to say; only an actual meeting could settle such a matter.

CAPTAIN J. A. CHALLICE.—Your solution of No. 2875 was acknowledged in our issue of June 10.

EVAN ROSS (Kilmarnock).—Thanks; but the problems enclosed are too weak for our use.

H. F. W. LANE.—We are not sure, but think the problem was published. At the moment we are unable to refer to the file.

J. CARR (Göttingen).—We regret the mistake. Hope we have got it right this time.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2874 received from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2875 from Upendranath Mukherjee (Calcutta); of No. 2876 from W. P. K. (Clifton), E. G. Boys (Tottenham), Joseph D. Peers (Longmorn), and Albert Tarral (Paris); of No. 2880 from Sorrento, E. G. Boys (Kilmarnock), Albert Tarral (Paris), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Eugene Henry (Hoxly).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2881 received from W. J. A. Barnard (Uppingham), C. M. A. B. Shalworth, P. H. Morgan (Cardiff), Captain Spencer, Dr. Goldsmith, Alpha, Captain G. A. Foulie (Stratford), T. G. (Ware), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Rev. A. Mays (Belford), Dr. F. S. L. Dalby, J. H. Warburton Lee (Whitehouse), Richard Murphy (Westford), Marcelle (Cambidge), T. Roberts, E. J. S. (Hampstead), Mrs. Wilson (Barnmouth), F. Harrison (Liverpool), T. Keates (Burslem), Sorrento, F. J. Candy (Norwood), H. S. Brown (Canterbury), Dr. Walter Hildberg, Hermit, J. D. Tucker (Halla), George Sullingsfoot Johnson (Cobham), C. E. Derouin (Barnett), Edith Cooper (Rouale), Ille Jeune, Miss D. Grogan, J. Bailey (Newark), R. B. Waters (Canterbury), E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), Henry A. Donovan (Lisdown), and Henry Malsen (Portobello).

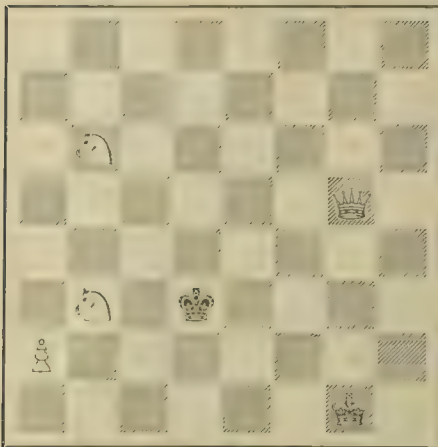
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2880.—By W. RIDDER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K6th K to Q6th
2. Q to K3rd (ch) K takes Q
3. Kt to Q6th. Mate.

If black play 1. K to K6th, then 2. Kt to Q7th (ch), and 3. Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2883.—By G. S. JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Mr. MAXIMOW and an AMATEUR.

(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	1. P to K4th	P to K4th
2. Kt to K3rd	Kt to K3rd	2. Kt to K3rd	Kt to K3rd
3. B to Kt5th	B to Kt5th	3. B to Kt5th	B to Kt5th
4. Castles	Kt takes P	4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q4th	Kt to Q3rd	5. P to Q4th	Kt to Q3rd
6. B takes Kt	Kt takes P	6. B takes Kt	Kt takes P
7. B takes P	Kt to K2nd	7. B takes P	Kt to K2nd
8. Kt to Q3rd	B to Q4th	8. Kt to Q3rd	B to Q4th
9. Kt to K6th	Castles	9. Kt to K6th	Castles
10. K Kt to Kt5th	P to K3rd	10. K Kt to Kt5th	P to K3rd
11. Q to E5th	P to Q4th	11. Q to E5th	P to Q4th

White has a fine attacking position with Queen and King. Black, however,

CHESS IN INDIA.

Game played by correspondence between the Chess Clubs of

ARROCK and JERLEM.

(Roy Lopez.)

WHITE (Arrock C.C.)	BLACK (Jerlem C.C.)	WHITE (Arrock C.C.)	BLACK (Jerlem C.C.)
1. P to K4th	P to K4th	1. P to K4th	P to K4th
2. Kt to K3rd	Kt to K3rd	2. Kt to K3rd	Kt to K3rd
3. B to Kt5th	P to Q3rd	3. B to Kt5th	P to Q3rd
4. B to R4th	Kt to K3rd	4. B to R4th	Kt to K3rd
5. Castles	Kt takes P	5. Castles	Kt takes P
6. P to Q4th	P to Q4th	6. P to Q4th	P to Q4th

It is worthy of note that this is not out of order. Black usually plays instead Kt to Q3rd, and then if B takes Kt, Q takes B or Kt, P takes B, with an equal game.

Q to K2nd or R to K3rd may be suggested now. Then P takes B would be inferior, as it would leave the Queen's side Pawns badly disarranged, and White would gain with R takes Kt, which gives some immediate attack.

7. P to Q4th B to K3rd
8. P takes P B to K3rd
9. P to B3rd B to K2nd
10. Q Kt to Q2nd
Kt to Q4th is no good instead, and often leads to critical positions speedily. Black cannot easily reply Kt takes Kt.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Fourteen (from January 7 to July 1, 1899) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

TWO YACHTING CUPS.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W., have just completed two beautiful

cups for Sir Thomas Lipton, who presents one to the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. This cup is in the form of a vase, having two finely modelled handles representing mermaids holding aloft branches of laurel; the club badge is shown in relief on one side, with an excellent reproduction of the *Shanrock* on the reverse. The upper portion of the vase is in the form of a shell surmounted by a sea-urchin astride a dolphin, which is being steered by a wreath of seaweed. Seaweed is also introduced into the stem of the cup, and the whole work does justice to the manufacturers and to the munificence of the generous donor, whose enterprise in building a yacht to compete for the America Cup has won national recognition.

The solid silver cup presented to the Royal Ulster Yacht Club by Sir Thomas Lipton takes the form of an oval bowl with two very graceful handles composed of finely modelled mermaids reclining upon massive scrolls and holding in one hand a laurel wreath. The club badge is shown on one side with the inscription encircling it, and upon the reverse is a



CUP FOR THE ROYAL CLYDE YACHT CLUB.



CUP FOR THE ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB.

representation of Sir Thomas Lipton's celebrated yacht the *Shanrock*, finely executed in repoussé work. We give photographs of both cups.

A CUP FOR RIFLE SHOOTING.

Among the many prizes competed for at the National Rifle Association's annual meeting at Disley Common, is the Cup presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*.



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" DISLEY PRIZE.

This year's prize is an elaborately chased massive silver bowl on an ebonised plinth. It was manufactured by J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.

The Bishop of Wakefield, writing on the housing of the poor, says that what is specially wanted is the association of our public bodies and our religious and benevolent societies. Even Christian congregations may live in a fool's paradise of comfortable ignorance so long as these buildings, which cannot be called homes, are hidden away in backyards and obscure corners.

ON PHOTOGRAPHS AND ANDREW LANG.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. W. J. Russell, whose discoveries in the matter of photographs taken in the dark were alluded to in this column on the first announcement of his researches being made, recently delivered a very instructive discourse on the subject before the Royal Institution, London. Very varied substances act on photographic plates in the dark. These range from magnesium, lead, tin, antimony, and other metals, to eau-de-Cologne, tea, coffee, and certain wines, Sauterne being active while brandy is not. It appears that the essence of success in many cases is the presence of certain bodies belonging to the turpentine series; indeed, Dr. Russell declares that it is peroxide of hydrogen "which enables us to produce photographic pictures on a plate in the dark." The peroxide has attained fame in other directions. It is related to the ozone of the air, and it is a bleacher, as is evinced by its occasional employment by the fair sex for the development of golden tresses.

The fact that peroxide of hydrogen is the agent in producing pictures in the dark does not at first sight seem to square with the fact that certain metals are highly favourable substances for the exercise of this art. But Dr. Russell points out that these metals give off the peroxide through their exposure to air and moisture, and, moreover, all the results obtained by actual photography of objects can be imitated by the employment of peroxide of hydrogen itself. So active is this agent that one part in a million of water will give a picture. We have heard of "spirit-photographs" *ad nauseam*, and the faithful who pin their belief to the idea that the souls of the departed can be materialised on a photographic plate, have seen in sundry images more or less completely reproduced on such plates evidence of the faith that is in them. The plates are sometimes alleged never to have been exposed at all, in which cases, as Dr. Russell shows us, we may get impressions of things—even figures and drawings from prints—the origin of which, so far from being of a supernatural character, is very plainly indicated by science. Or if the plates have been exposed, and images of people and things not believed to have been represented in front of the camera appear on development, then still we are left with a knowledge of the curious tricks which sensitive plates play every photographer, and of the many little haphazard conditions of light which serve to explain the so-called mystery-photographs.

Dr. Russell himself gives an interesting illustration germane to this latter point. He tells us that if a copper stencil be laid on a piece of Bristol board, and a slab of active plaster-of-Paris be laid on the stencil, the Bristol board, even after it has been removed from the stencil for a short time, will give a good picture of the stencil itself. This is a piece of practice quite analogous to the development of a ghostly photograph. So also the effect of oils is that of changing the nature of paper relative to its power of giving impressions. A coloured advertisement from a magazine was printed, when there appeared in the picture printing which was not to be seen in the advertisement. Another case of a "ghostly reproduction"; but the explanation is as mundane *quâ* spiritualism, as it is interesting and destructive to all actions of spirit-photography. The mysterious printing was actually traced to an advertisement appearing on the opposite page of the magazine, and this page having been in contact with that photographed, the untoward result was produced. The challenge that science "cannot explain everything" may be met by saying that science has patience and can wait, and that, moreover, it finds the justification of the expectant attitude in its experience of the past, which has shown us how the mysteries of yesterday have become the commonplaces of to-day.

What ails Mr. Andrew Lang when he tackles any scientific question whatever? I read "At the Sign of the Ship" every month with much benefit to my knowledge of many things. But now and then Mr. Lang has a little "nerve-storm" or literary explosion, by way of relieving some tension or other under which he suffers, and the match that fires the fuse is, as often as not, a little item he has lit upon in a casual stroll through scientific pastures green. Mr. Lang's last little battle is with Dr. (not Mr.) Louis Robinson, whose studies on evolution as represented by wild traits in tame animals must be familiar to most of my readers. Dr. Robinson has had the temerity to say something about the cat and her ways; and forthwith Mr. Lang begins a "contest," as he calls it, with Dr. Robinson on the latter's knowledge of the domestic feline.

What Mr. Lang has to say is interesting reading, and Dr. Louis Robinson will be perfectly well able to take care of himself in any display of literary fisticuffs with Mr. Lang, who forgets that what he knows about prehistoric cats is not likely, after all, to be knowledge of any more certain kind, at its best, than that possessed by Dr. Robinson. The cats and their tails I leave Mr. Lang and Dr. Robinson to discuss, though, I trust, not quite after the Killenny fashion. My complaint against Mr. Lang is that he has a fling at what he is pleased to call "evolution." I say what he is pleased to denominate that process, and I emphasise my remark; for what Mr. Lang regards as "evolution," judged from the "Ship" standard, I am morally certain no biologist would recognise as any such process at all. He tells us "Evolution is an easy game to play at," and from these words one may judge Mr. Lang's standpoint. Nobody can play a game at or with evolution. That idea, process—call it what you will—is an attempt to express an action or mode of operation science observes in living nature. All that science can do is to interpret. If it interprets nature's ways wrongly, so much the worse for intellectual advance; if it is a faithful chronicler of these ways, humanity is the gainer. But the study of evolution is a serious matter. If it is to be a game of football, the literary man who dives into it cannot expect to come forth with prospects of anything beyond the tattered and torn condition that results through his own unwisdom in entering the lists.

The Parisian Diamond Company.

The Illustrated London
News.

"...What lovely woman would do at this juncture without the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company who can say?

"It has been unquestionably proved that even experts are deceived by the lustrous colour and quality of these pearls."



Mrs. Arta.

"Happily we live in the times of the Parisian Diamond Company, when the setting of the imitation stone is studied with so much care that the least valuable becomes charming to the eye of the beholder, and the more vulgar desire to wear something of supreme worth may yield place to sincere appreciation of the beautiful."

85, NEW BOND STREET, W.; 143, REGENT STREET, W.; 43, BURLINGTON ARCADE, W.

(Opposite Marshall and Snelgrove's.)

(Facing Liberty's, Chesham House.)

(Burlington Gardens End.)

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S SOLE ADDRESS in BOND STREET is No. 85 (opposite Marshall and Snelgrove's).

LADIES' PAGES.

As the State Ball was the last of the season's great functions, it was celebrated by dress of beauty and elaboration unprecedented, even in this particularly smart season. The Duchess of Portland having "gone into blue" for her bazaar-dress in accordance with the rule of her stall, was apparently pleased with the effect, and wore a ball-gown of pale blue chiffon embroidered in silver and diamonds, the trimming passing down the left side of the tunic and turning off to form a heading to a multitude of little flounces of the blue supported on a finer foundation of silver tissue; the silver passementerie formed a waist-belt, and a deep band—almost a pointed vest—under the soft draperies of the *décolletage*.

The Duchess of Devonshire (who danced in the royal quadrille) in dove-grey *crêpe-de-Chine* embroidered in silver, and the Marchioness of Londonderry in Irish lace over tulle, caught on with la France roses, both wore magnificent jewels; the Greek-key tiara of the former and the crown of diamonds with pearl points of the latter peeresses being splendid. Young Lady Crews is still much observed, and bore her part with perfect ease in a uniquely lovely gown of white tulle sprinkled over with diamonds, and embroidered on to the white satin foundation on the skirt and bodice by outstretched wings in diamonds and turquoises; her tiara and other ornaments were of the same stones. The Countess of Portsmouth's Quaker ancestress would have been disturbed by her splendid costume of pink satin, the Princess tunic—cut with a train—opening with a heavy raised embroidery of pearls and gold over a narrow front panel of pink tulle; the bodice was embroidered all over in a similar manner.

The Duchess of Westminster, in white satin trimmed with sash and flounces of silk muslin and bands of diamond embroidery, three of these on the bodice with gathered muslin interposed making it entirely, chaperoned for the last time his Grace's granddaughter, Lady Constance Grosvenor, who a day or two after became Countess of Shaftesbury, and who wore a quite girlish dancing-frock of white embroidered muslin over satin trimmed with lace. The Sheriff's wives were not inferior in dress to the peeresses. One wore heliotrope satin covered with magnificent gold embroidery, and the other silver-grey satin just sufficiently brightened with touches of cherry colour. All the dresses were more or less trained, but the younger ladies who intended to dance much did not wear very long ones, only about a yard on the ground.

Lord Shaftesbury's wedding to Lady Constance Grosvenor attracted unusual interest from the record of both bride and bridegroom's grandparents in English politics and philanthropy. The fame of the "good Lord Shaftesbury" is imperishable, for it rests on much beneficent legislation for the most miserable classes of his day; and the charitable and public services of the Duke of



A WHITE SERGE YACHTING COSTUME.

Westminster are also much appreciated. Lady Constance wore white satin edged with lace that was embroidered with large pearls, and a yoke and zouave of Brussels point. There were no fewer than fifteen bridesmaids, in white with blue sashes, the youngest being the Duchess of Sutherland's five-year-old daughter.

Amid the cluster of fashionable weddings that, as usual, finishes off the season, one of the prettiest was that of Miss Joan Wilson. It might be called a lace wedding, for the bride's dress had a train entirely of beautiful Brussels point supported on a lining of silver gauze and finished round the edges with chiffon frills; it was embroidered up the front with myrtle in its own colours of white and deep green and with silver true-lovers' knots, and the net bridal veil was edged round with silver embroidery. The bridesmaids' dresses were unusually lovely, consisting of Empire gowns of white satin nearly covered with loose coats of fine lace, falling from the bust to the ankle in the straight unbroken folds of the Josephine period. The going-away dress of white batiste with blue chiffon sash was covered by a long travelling-coat of lace lined with pale brown chiffon and finished with a shoulder-scarf of blue chiffon. The bride's mother wore a white silk muslin dress almost covered with beautiful lace flounces, the Princess-cut tunic thus trimmed opening down the front over longitudinally tucked muslin, held down by black velvet straps across it.

Lady Harberton once remarked that the absurdity of women's dress was calculated to make men regard their intellects with some degree of just contempt. Certainly the dressmaker does her worst will, and the hopeful prophecy once indulged in that Englishwomen would never again trail their skirts in the street is falsified. The absence of pockets is another foolish result of the costume of the period's reigning outline; even in travelling-dresses a practical receptacle for money and odds and ends is not possible. The want is partly met by a small gold purse hung on a long neck-chain (a great temptation to thieves), by the manufacture of specially tiny handkerchiefs, designed to be tucked into the dress-sleeve, and by the use of a *châtelaine-bag* hanging from the waist for tickets and for the smaller coins so needful in the course of travel.

Picador's sketches of yachting-gowns do not exaggerate the tightness at the top of the newest productions of the kind. That one built of dark blue serge, with under-bodice and skirt of white serge, is very stylish. It is braided with white, and has tabs fastened with gold buttons. The other nautical costume given is in white serge banded with blue braid laid on in three rows, a wide one between narrower stripes. A crimson silk waistband and sailor's-knot relieve the costume, and the hat should be a white yachting-cap.

During the last week or two the House of Lords has had more than one opportunity of dealing with questions affecting women's position. The refusal to leave women eligible to be elected to seats on the new local governing

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bodies of London does not present itself to me as at all a denial of a "woman's right," except in so far as any departure from equality of control where equality of contribution is enforced from women as from men rate-payers is an injustice. The local bodies of London are to be engaged in uninteresting work, such as it would not be supposed possible to get anybody to undertake to perform gratuitously anywhere else than in England; the past history of such bodies is covered with contempt; and, in short, there was neither cash, credit, nor interesting duties in question—so it is really surprising that the House of Lords refused permission to the electors to have the services of such women as might consent to offer them—but it is the public service, and not women, that loses. On the question of the Seats for Shopwomen Bill, however, I think the Upper House has managed to do a large number of women a great injury. In regard to both these questions, Lord Salisbury endeavoured to lead his peers aright; but, unfortunately, even his great influence broke down when it was exercised on questions affecting women.

Few subjects are more important, however painful, than that which a newly formed society has set itself to investigate—namely, the immense increase in the mortality from cancer. Women are by far the greatest sufferers from this awful complaint, because it particularly affects many of us for physiological reasons. Hence, though men give themselves cancer in the throat and tongue by the smoke habit that we as a sex have happily not yet acquired, men die in considerably less numbers than women from this, perhaps the very worst of all the odious tribe of mortal diseases. That it is quite time to draw the attention of the lay public to this opprobrium of medicine is clear when we read the figures given by the oddly named but necessary "Cancer Society." In the last thirty-five years the annual cancer mortality has increased from 8117 to 21,413—that is, from 385 per million of the population to 787 per million. Now a fact like this undoubtedly has a cause. What is it? The importance of the question to women is seen when it is added that the victims in the last year returned, 1897, were over 14,000 females to 9000 odd males.

I am glad to see a long list of women honour graduates in the Cambridge tripos in every department, not excepting the crucial subject of mathematics. The highest place on the Wranglers' list is that taken by Miss N. W. Laphorn, who is next to No. 21 of the men. Miss Ashcroft also gains a position amongst the coveted few, being numbered equal to 36. Nine other young women appear in the list of Optimes. In the other parts of the mathematical examinations, the two brilliant sisters, the Misses Cave-Brown-Cave, maintain the high positions they achieved last year, Miss F. E. being now in the first-class of division 3, and Miss K. M. in the honours list of division 2. The Natural Sciences, Classical, Historical, and other lists also contain many women's names in honours classes.



A YACHTING COSTUME OF BLUE SERGE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1898) of Mr. Edward Silva, of 14, Cadogan Gardens, and of Testcombe, Hants, who died on May 23, was proved on July 5 by James Ramsay Dow, Horace Harrington Nelson, John Barrow, and his brother, Frederic Silva, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,819. The testator gives £1000, the furniture and household effects at both his residences, and his carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Marian Silva; £4000, upon trust, for his brother John and his wife and daughters; £200 each to his executors; £500 each to his nieces, Marguerite Silva and Rose Mabel Pearman; £500 to the Wine and Spirit Trades Benevolent Association; and £200 to the Ladies' Samaritan Society of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic. He devises the Testcombe Estate and all his real estate in Hampshire to his wife for life, with remainder to his daughter Marion Grace Disraeli, the wife of Mr. Coningsby Ralph Disraeli, with remainder to her first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. In the event of an eldest son succeeding to the Hughenden Manor estates under a settlement made by Lord Beaconsfield, then the Testcombe and other estates in Hampshire are settled on her second son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease as to £70,000, upon trust, for Mrs. Disraeli for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into sixteen parts, six of which are to be held, upon trust, for his brother John and his wife and daughters; three each to his brother Frederic and his sister, Rose Clara Penning, and four to his sister-in-law, Rose Emma Pearman.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1898), with two codicils (both dated Nov. 5, 1898), of Mr. Richard Chamberlain, of 39, Cadogan Square, M.P. for West Islington, 1885-92, who died on April 2, was proved on July 12 by Mrs. Rahmeh Theodora Chamberlain, the widow, and Arthur Chamberlain and Herbert Chamberlain, the brothers, the value of the estate being £114,964. The testator gives £500, the use of his furniture and household effects, during widowhood, an annuity of £1000, and a further £1000 per annum for the maintenance of a home for his son Richard, to his wife; part of his wine and liquors to his brothers, Arthur and Herbert; an annuity of £40 to his sister-in-law, Marguerite Swinburne; and legacies to servants. He makes up the fortunes of each of his two daughters, Emilie Agnes Chamberlain and Mrs. Gertrude Bowen, with what they have already received or has been settled upon them, to £20,000, to be increased to £30,000 upon the death of Mrs. Chamberlain. The residue of his property is to be held, upon various trusts, for his son Richard.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1898) of Sir Henry Somerville Boynton, Bart., of Burton Agnes Hall, near Bridlington, Yorkshire, who died on April 11, has been proved by Dame Mildred Augusta Boynton, the widow, the Hon. Edward Johnstone and Wilfred Forbes Home Thomson, the executors, the value of the estate being £76,698. The testator bequeaths the cash in the house, the balance

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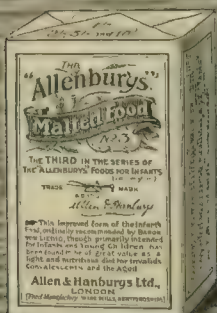
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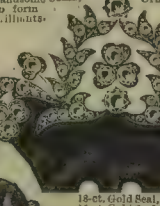
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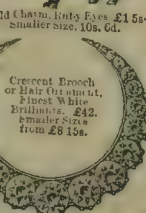
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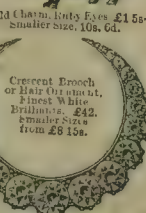
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The will (dated April 18, 1894) of Mr. Frederick James Sedgwick, of Grantham House, Grantham, formerly of The Brewery House, Watford, who died on June 21, was proved on July 5 by Mrs. Emma Sedgwick, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £65,520. The testator gives £50 to John Martin Wall; £50 to his man William Gambier; £19 19s. each to his brothers and sisters; and the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1894) of Mr. John Dawson, of Oakleigh, New Park Road, Clapham Park, who died on May 30, was proved on July 8 by John Dawson, William Alfred Dawson, and Sydney Roger Dawson, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £57,523. The testator gives £500 and his furniture and household

effects to his daughter Mary Ellen Dawson; £100 each to his grandchildren; and his plate and pictures between his children. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth each to his children, John, William Alfred, Sydney Roger, Mary Ellen, Kate and Alice Martha.

The will (dated March 8, 1878), with a codicil of June 6, 1896, of Mr. Henry Astley Darbishire, of Oakdene, Edenbridge, Kent, who died on June 4, was proved on July 3 by Mrs. Eliza Darbishire, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £54,443. The testator gives all his property to his wife for life, and at her decease, as she shall by deed or will appoint, to his children. In default of such appointment he gives his estate at Oakdene, with the furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, carriages and horses, plants and crops, and £25,000 to his son Frederic; £15,000 each to his son Vernon and daughter Elsie, and the ultimate residue between his daughter and son Vernon.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1894), with five codicils (dated Dec. 6, 1895, Aug. 28, 1896, May 26, 1897, Nov. 19, 1898, and Jan. 27, 1899), of Mrs. Sarah Hatt Treasure, of 10, Cambridge Park, Twickenham, who died on May 6, was proved on June 29 by James Anstey Wild, the brother, and George Gordon Stanham, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £21,163. The testatrix gives £1000 to the London City Mission; £1000

and her house, 10, Cambridge Park, to her sister, Elizabeth Phillips Stanham; £1000 to her niece, Anne Gordon Stanham; £1800 to her brother, James Anstey Wild; and £1200 to his wife, Fanny Ann Wimble Wild; £1000 to William Treasure; and many legacies and gifts to relatives, friends, and servants. She appoints all her interest under the will of her father, James Wild, to her brother and sister. The residue of her property she leaves between William Treasure, Fanny Ann Wild, Anne Gordon Stanham, and Sarah Ann Wade.

The will (dated July 12, 1877) of Mr. William Hanson, of Southend, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire, who died on May 6, was proved on July 10 by Mrs. Jane Hanson, the widow, the value of the estate being £52,833. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife, trusting that she will distribute the same at her decease between all his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Philip Meadows Taylor, of the Riverside Club, Maidenhead, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on July 7 by Mrs. Mary Taylor, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £6538.

The will of Major Robert Charles Battiscombe, of 112, Lexham Gardens, Kensington, formerly of Sherwood Lodge, near Reading, who died on March 29, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Ann Battiscombe, the widow, the value of the estate being £14,458 3s. 8d.

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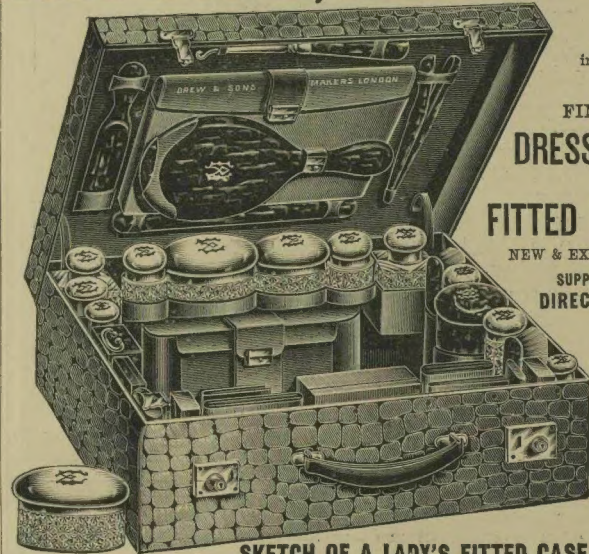
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In a recent speech the Archbishop of the West Indies said he had heard it remarked that at home poor people could not understand the Prayer-Book. His black people understood it, loved it, and delighted in their liturgical form of worship, though they do not, of course, understand it theologically.

Eucharist vessels have been presented to the Archbishop of Finland in memory of his visit to England in 1897, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Athelstan Riley and Mr. W. J. Birkbeck are among those concerned in the presentation, which has been gratefully acknowledged by the Archbishop, who says: "These vessels will always serve as a visible expression to me of

the holy yearnings of some members of the Anglican Church for Catholic unanimity in the faith and communion in the Sacraments of the members of the Christian Churches who are now separated from one another."

The memorial of the late W. H. Sewell, for thirty years Vicar of Yaxley, in Suffolk, is to be placed in the church where he so long ministered. Mr. Sewell was well known as an antiquary of repute, and as the author of a work on "Christian Care of the Dying and Dead."

The East London Church Fund progresses favourably. I think more than half of the £20,000 for which the Bishops appealed has been received. Only a few weeks ago the Bishop of Islington laid the foundation of St. Albans

Mission Church in a district of Tottenham where for two years the only room available for public worship among 7000 people has been a dancing-saloon.

A correspondent of the *Guardian* complains very bitterly that English clergymen going for holidays to Scotland fail to encourage properly the Scottish Episcopal Church. He says that they do not attend early Eucharist, but lie in bed on Sunday morning, and content themselves with Matins and Sermon at eleven. Some of them do not go to church at all; some of them go to Presbyterian churches. He sums up by saying that "the frivolous, irreligious, and inconsistent conduct of English clerical tourists is a most annoying cause of hindrance and perplexity in the places where it occurs."

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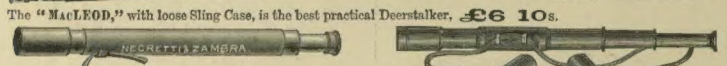
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